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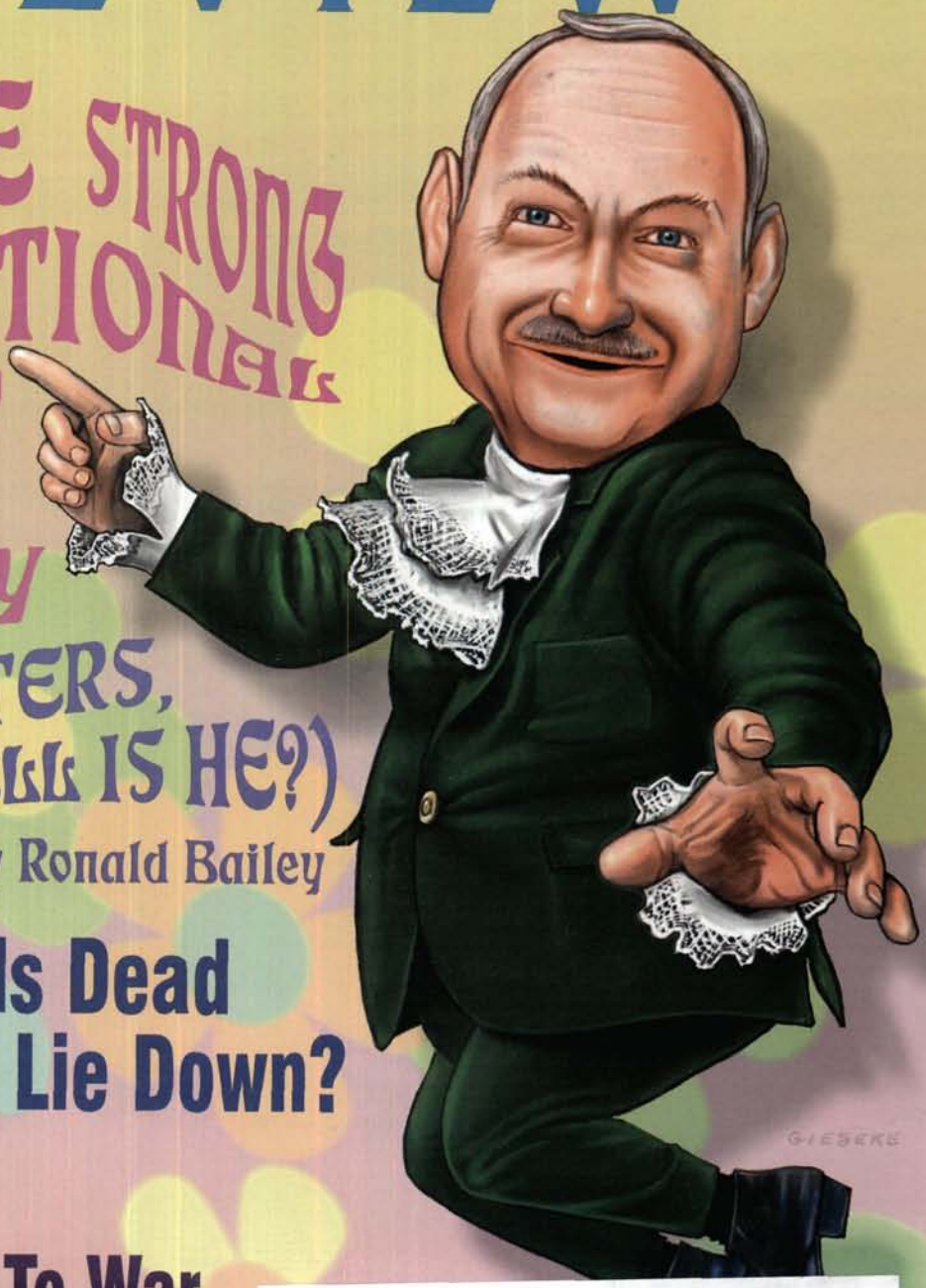
WFB: All's Well That Ends Weld — p. 59

After Their Budget Victory: The Democrats' Next Agenda

NATIONAL REVIEW

MAURICE STRONG INTERNATIONAL MAN OF MYSTERY (FOR STARTERS, WHO THE HELL IS HE?)

by Ronald Bailey



If Socialism Is Dead Why Won't It Lie Down?

Rupert Murdoch

Oblomov Goes To War

Richard Rose

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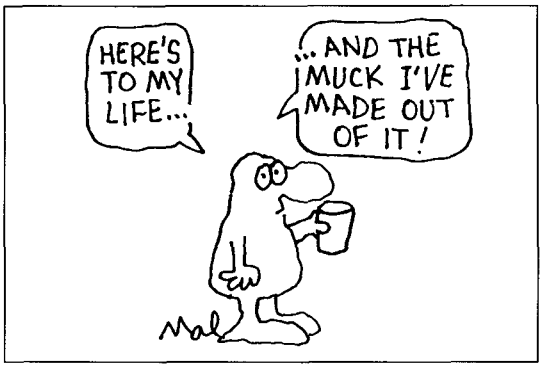
NATIONAL REVIEW

SEPTEMBER 1, 1997 VOL. XLIX, NO. 16



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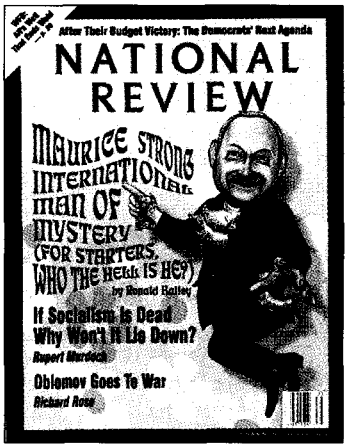
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LETTERS

The Great American Smoke-Out

Robert Bork's "Addicted to Health" [July 28] was like a breath of fresh air (any pun unintended) in the current hysteria over tobacco. Whenever I feel like quitting smoking, I remember that doing so would be a form of surrender. I'm sure many foes of smoking go bungee jumping, rock climbing, sky diving, etc. Risk is part of the fun.

In adding up the cost of smoking, our countrymen should include the cost of giving government yet more power. When I think of the next activity to be stomped on, and what it will be like living in such an increasingly oppressive world, I thank God for my cigarette, which might earn me an early release. If only Judge Bork were on the Supreme Court to defend those of us who have become America's lepers. As the Frankenstein monster said in *Bride of Frankenstein*, while he sat happily puffing on a cigar: "Smoke gooooood!"

Chris A. Petrowski
Waretown, N.J.

Deadly Chic?

Jonathan Foreman's "Design for Dying" [Aug. 11] lacks the class that made Gianni Versace famous. To suggest that Versace's style gave way to "whore chic, pedophile chic, and junkie chic" miscategorizes his great work—not only for the "bland and old-fashioned" Elton John (which itself is laughable), but also for some of the world's elite, such as Princess Di. She fits the "junkie chic" mold no more than the editors of *NR* fit the mold of old white men bellowing in their boxer shorts. Mr. Foreman suggests that, somehow, Versace's lifestyle was the cause of his murder, though he claims "this is not to say that his terrible fate was in any way his fault." He continues, those who "glamorize or make a game of prostitution or rape or heroin addiction are dangerously insulated from the real world." The piece is a *faux pas*. Who is really insulated: a fashion designer in his prime, or writers hiding biases between the covers of a magazine?

Steve Behm
Washington, D.C.

As a freelance writer who lives in Manhattan's Alphabet City, I would dearly like to be as insulated from the realities of prostitution, violence, and drugs as a fantastically wealthy fashion designer. And I wonder which "biases" Mr. Behm thinks I "hid." I wasn't trying to hide any *of them.* —JF

Ceasefire under Fire

It is unfortunate that John O'Sullivan is locked in such a time warp and is so congenitally incapable of restraining his unionist bias on Northern Ireland. Apart from his own indefensible misreading of the IRA ceasefire, it is truly regrettable that *NR* would again allow its pages to be sullied by the writings of admitted murderer Sean O'Callaghan ["The Week," Aug. 11]. What Mr. O'Sullivan fails to acknowledge is that the first IRA ceasefire broke because for 17 months the Major government reneged on its commitment to commence all-party talks. Fortunately, the colonial policy which pervaded the Thatcher and Major governments no longer prevails, and Tony Blair has agreed that for the first time in eight hundred years the British government will attempt to confront the Irish issue fairly. As for possible prizes, Gerry Adams will get a Nobel Peace Prize long before John O'Sullivan gets a Pulitzer.

Rep. Peter T. King (R., N.Y.)
Washington, D.C.

For a reply, please see "The Week." —ED.

Republican—Not

Kate O'Beirne paints an accurate portrait of Christine Todd Whitman in "Nowhere Girl" [July 28]. History is repeating itself. Christie Whitman calls herself a "Rockefeller Republican," which for those of us who can remember the late governor, means: not a Republican at all. Mrs. Whitman supports partial-birth abortion, quotas, the promotion of gays and lesbians, etc. Her $2.8-billion bond plan (generating tens of billions more in debt for taxpayers) was accurately described by the GOP chairman of the State Senate Appropriations Committee as a "wacko" scheme. The November election will be a choice among two liberals, Whitman and James McGreevey, and the Conservative Party candidate, Richard J. Pezzullo. We welcome help from conservatives across the nation who wish to avoid a Whitman problem in 2000 by supporting a Pezzullo solution in 1997.

Tom Blomquist
Founder, New Jersey Conservative Party
Brick, N.J.

I had mistakenly given Mr. Pezzullo's first name as Ron. The campaign's address is: Pezzullo for Governor, P. O. Box 6801, Freehold, N.J. 07728. —KO'B

Teaching Law

In "Black Mischief" [June 30] Lino Graglia cites the views of my colleague Paul Butler. Professor Graglia has the right to disagree with Professor Butler's position as published in the *Yale Law Journal* and elsewhere. He does not, without investigation of the matter, have the right to assume what Mr. Butler "teaches his students." Mr. Butler is a popular, premier teacher who does not force his views on his students. The offhand remark does a disservice to Mr. Butler by implying that he fails to take an evenhanded approach when teaching.

Jack Friedenthal,
Dean, The George Washington University Law School
Washington, D.C.

It seems fair to me to assume that the views advanced by a law professor in his scholarship are those he advances in his classroom. This is certainly the case with me. This is not to say that Mr. Butler "forces his views" on his students; arguments are most effective when full credit is given to arguments on the other side and objections are encouraged. I do not think, however, that Mr. Butler's view that black jurors should ignore the law in order to acquit guilty black defendants should be taught at all, even if the opposite view is presented. Nor do I see how Mr. Butler's view that an appropriate reaction for blacks to the O. J. Simpson verdict was to dance his "freedom dance" can be presented in an evenhanded manner. I should think that a reputable law school would consider that view disqualifying in a law professor. Academic freedom need not include freedom to justify murder and foment race war. —LG

Give the Guy a Break

You will not suspect me of pro-Communist sentiments when I say that your objection to Paul Robeson appearing on a U.S. stamp ["For the Record," July 28] is misplaced. It is indeed a matter of record that he was a dupe of Stalinism and lent his name to its propaganda. But it was a long time ago; he did nothing disgraceful or deceptive; and we can surely be generous enough to applaud such recognition of his talents.

Robert Conquest
Stanford, Calif.

Message to Earthlings

We protest your July 28 cover of an alien with stereotypical grotesque beak and large head in Christie Whitman garb. We reject comparisons in that issue of James Carville and Algore to aliens. No members of the ET community attended White House fundraisers. A Martian neighbor, missing since the Pathfinder invasion, is also offended.

A.L.F.
Roswell, N.M.

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FROM THE EDITOR

Ceremonies of Guilt

■ There is a ceremony in Madagascar in which mourners dig up the corpse of an old friend a year after his burial and hold a party around him. They believe that even the dead deserve some fun.

Watching the House and Senate Republicans, holding a jamboree on Capitol Hill to celebrate the passage of the budget deal, I was suddenly reminded of this custom.

See "The Week" for details.

■ Two broad themes emerge from this issue—and I mean "emerge"; they were not imposed on the material artificially by the editors.

The first is the success of the New Democrat agenda and political tactics.

Rich Lowry describes how, nationally, the Clinton Administration, drawing on the experience of politicians like Gov. Zell Miller of Georgia, is expanding government almost covertly by targeted programs in education and children's health (financed by hidden or dedicated taxes, generally on tobacco).

Interestingly, Justin Maiona, without having corresponded with Mr. Lowry, concludes that Jeanne Shaheen, the Democratic governor of New Hampshire, is using exactly the same issues and tactics with the same success.

And in both cases the Democrats present their agenda as a centrist one, appeal to the suburbs, and split moderate Republicans off from the rest of the GOP, which is then dragged along behind their chariot wheels.

The second—and not unrelated—issue is the continuing rise of the New Class of bureaucratic social regulators.

Ronald Bailey describes the silent rise of Maurice Strong to the top of almost everything in the United Nations system—a little parable of how the New Class evades democratic control by accumulating power in international agencies accountable to no one.

And Rupert Murdoch recounts the same process in America's regulatory agencies and the European Union's new bureaucracies.

Mr. Murdoch's article is in the rolling symposium on my "After Reaganism" tome, which began this investigation into the New Class and its malcontents. But it was written not in response to "After Reaganism," but independently as a speech to a *Forbes* CEO conference.

Murdoch, Bailey, and O'Sullivan on the New Class; Lowry and Maiona on the New Democrat agenda—what does it all mean?

"There is a phenomenon in the history of science called synchronicity," writes Mr. Murdoch (page 38), "in which several researchers independently stumble on a new discovery. . . . [It] is usually a sign that the discoverers are really onto something."

■ Andrew Stuttaford, *NR*'s resident UFO and X-Files correspondent, has enlivened several issues with his cheerfully macabre accounts of such phenomena as cryogenics, alien abductions, and the Roswell Incident museums.

It now turns out the Stuttaford style—a kind of brisk, unsentimental facing up to facts even when they are pleasant—is an inherited one. For his father, Dr. Thomas Stuttaford, the medical correspondent of the London *Times*, has written a splendid book: *To Your Good Health! The Wise Drinker's Guide.*

According to the publisher's blurb, the book summarizes the latest research most usefully: "It is now well known that a moderate amount of alcohol is good for the coronary arteries; but it also helps to prevent strokes, lessens the likelihood of late-onset diabetes, acts as an anti-oxidant, and also improves the sperm count. It even has a beneficial effect on the intellect, especially among the elderly." Dr. Stuttaford recommends four units of alcohol a day for the average man—but who's counting?

The book is plainly required reading for those with inquiring minds. I must send a copy to Bill Bennett.

Meanwhile, mine's a double—I mean, two units, barman—and make it snappy.

—JOHN O'SULLIVAN

NATIONAL REVIEW

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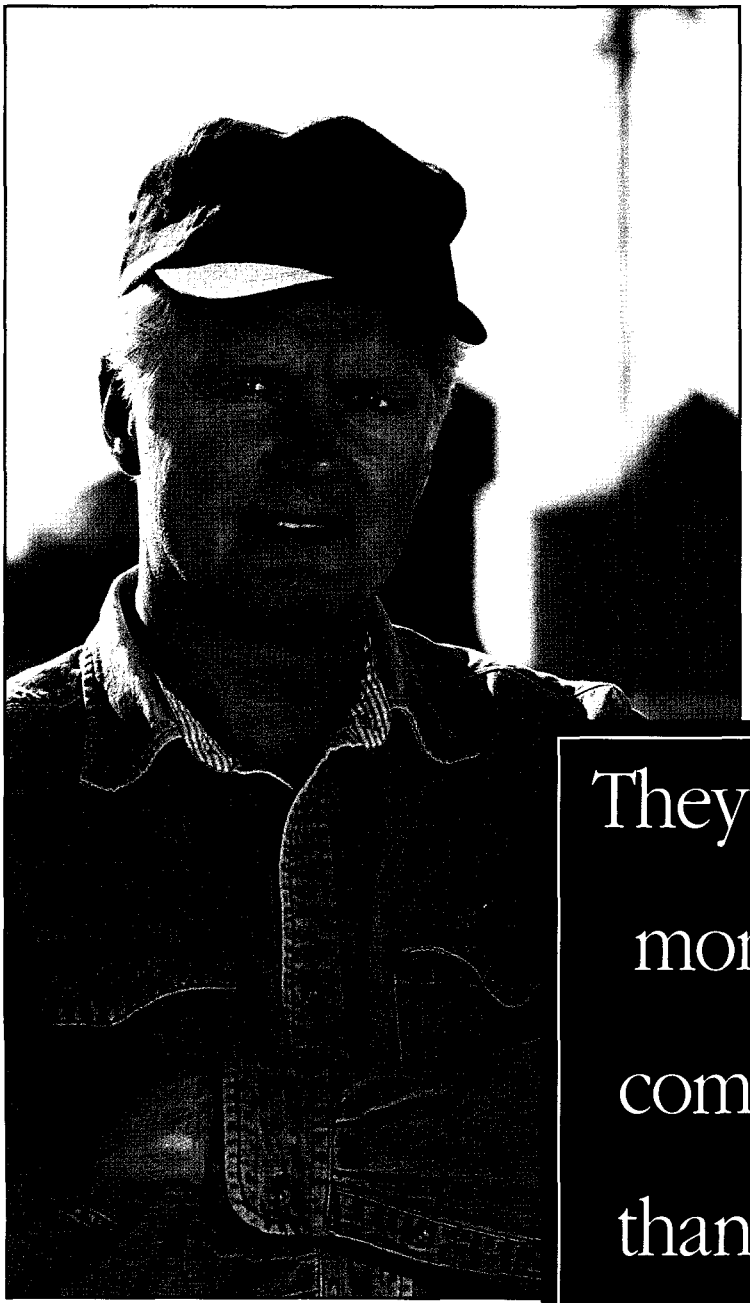

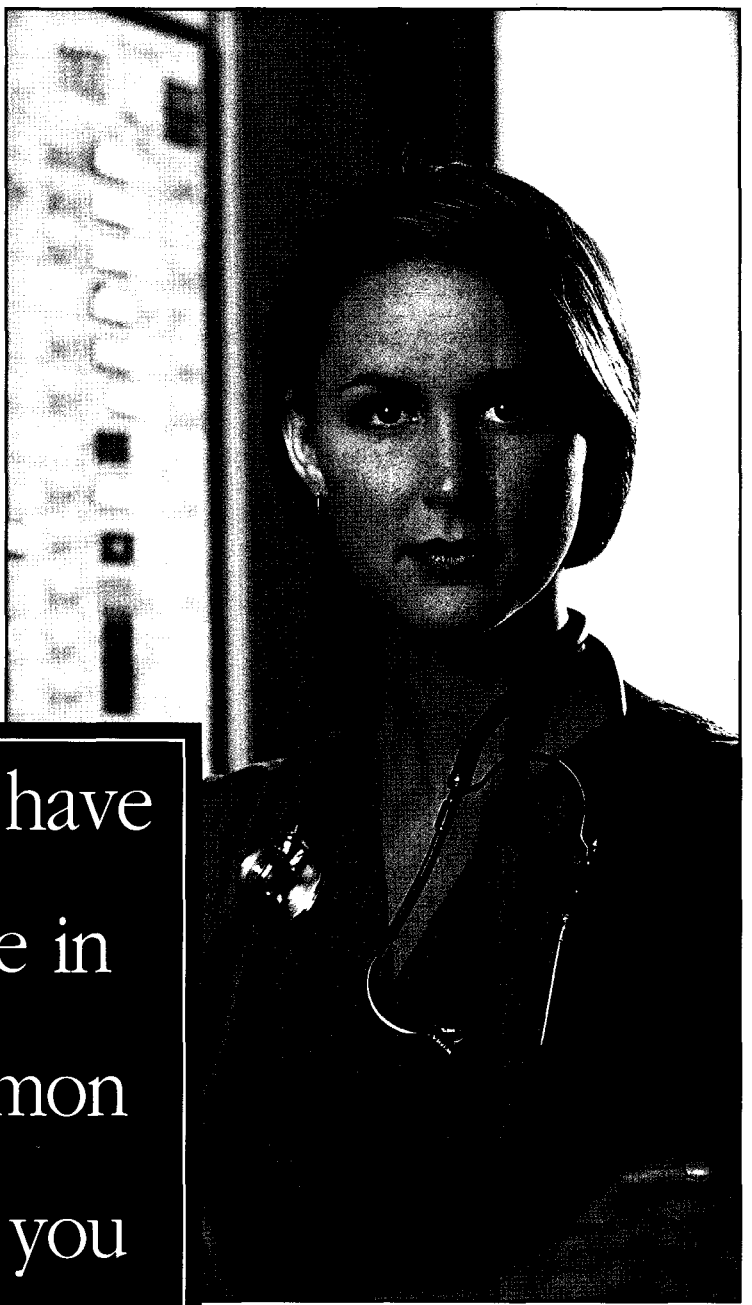

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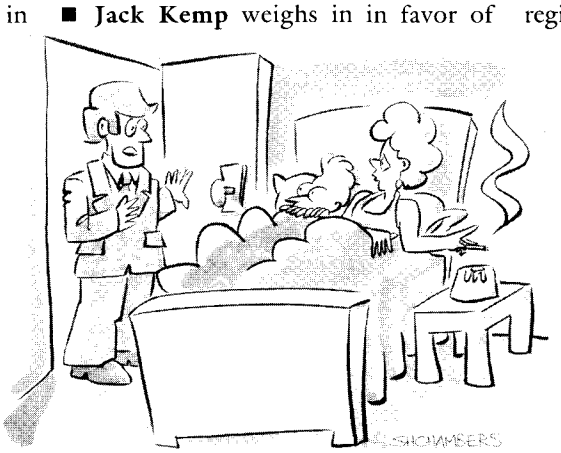
FOR THE RECORD

■ It's the **Horatio Alger** defense for targets of Sen. **Fred Thompson**'s Governmental Affairs Committee. **Brian Sun**, lawyer for Asian-American bagman **Johnny Chung**, explains: "They call Johnny a hustler and there's no question he was hustling the DNC, the White House, and anybody else who could help him. But he was hustling business. He had absolutely no political agenda. Johnny Chung's not promoting the policy interests of some foreign government; he's promoting Johnny Chung. That's not a crime. It's the American way." . . . **Ng Lap Seng** (a/k/a **Mr. Wu**), the shadowy source of **Charlie Trie**'s laundered money, tells ABC News: "My philosophy is that I should not break the law, but I wouldn't mind bending it." . . . News of the weird from the hearings: Members of Shing Hai spiritual sect, which ponied up $640,000 worth of contributions to **Clinton** legal-defense fund, drank the bath water of their "master" to demonstrate their reverence; Trie showed up at defense-fund's offices with bag stuffed with checks *and* inflatable toys. . . . **Dick Morris** is possible witness in September. Committee member **Arlen Specter** raises prospect of calling President Clinton.

■ LEGACY WATCH: Clinton thinks balanced-budget deal amounts to his, but is desperate to find one wherever he can. According to *Washington Post*, when AP reported that deal on NATO expansion "sealed [Clinton's] place in history," White House aides were so happy one kissed the writer on the cheek. . . . In run-up to budget deal, Senate Majority Leader **Trent Lott** vowed, "We have compromised with [the President]. We have both given ground and found common ground . . . and, if it would make a difference, I will stand in the well of the Senate and whistle, 'Hail to the Chief.'" . . . According to *Wall Street Journal* poll, only 17 per cent say it's likely budget will be balanced in five years. About same number think there's at least a chance the Pathfinder photos from Mars were faked (17 per cent), and slightly more believe aliens are currently living on earth (25 per cent).

■ Nonetheless, according to CNN poll, more Americans credit Congress with budget deal than credit President (41 to 32 per cent), and Congress now has net positive rating (45 to 44 per cent). . . . Asked by the *Atlanta Journal-Constitution* about how he would manage dissent on the Right, **Newt Gingrich** says, "Laugh at them. Smile. Encourage them. Over time . . . the real base, that is normal people, will all go, 'Yes, that's right.'" . . . Gingrich on **Tom DeLay** (R., Tex.), who was in middle of July coup attempt: "Tom DeLay is a great Whip. I think he has a future as an even better Whip." . . . Pennsylvania Gov. **Tom Ridge** (R.) complains congressional Republicans gave away too much on welfare because they were too busy practicing "political triage." Ridge says relations between Capitol Hill and GOP governors are deteriorating: "**Dole** was the first to open the door to us, but now it seems to be closing." . . . According to NBC/*Wall Street Journal* poll, 73 per cent say they would not consider voting for Gingrich for President. . . . When Gingrich posed with heavy-weight champion **Evander Holyfield** recently, he quipped: "I just wish I could have his agent in terms of compensation for all the fighting we do up here."

■ **Jack Kemp** weighs in in favor of **William Weld**'s nomination as ambassador to Mexico, writing to Trent Lott: "Bill has impeccable credentials for the position and would be, in my opinion, one of the best possible choices for the post in Mexico. . . . If it would be helpful for me to serve as an intermediary between Gov. Weld and those who have concerns about his nomination [i.e., **Jesse Helms**], it would be my pleasure." . . . Weld also gets the nod of Republicans for Choice Pres. **Ann Stone**: "Part of it is a battle for the soul of the Republican Party . . . But the biggest part is the question of whether you are tolerant." . . . Heritage Foundation's **Marshall Wittmann**: "I think ultimately [Weld] will quit the Republican Party and position himself for a high-profile role in the Democratic Party." . . . Dick Morris tells of Weld being considered for other Clinton positions: "He was on a list for [Attorney General], he was on a list for Commerce, he was on a list for Undersecretary of State, he was on a list for Transportation. And he didn't make it because he's not black, Hispanic, or female." . . . Sen. **Chris Dodd** (D., Conn.) says of Weld: "I got him a bottle of Corona beer. I figured it might be the closest to Mexico he's going to get."



"My God, Margaret, you're smoking!"

■ Dispatch from academe: *Village Voice* reports on emerging field of Queer Studies, opposed to any notion of fixed sexual orientation. "There have been some nasty skirmishes—one Queer Studies center in England nearly broke apart when its female director moved in with a man—but for the most part, a rare harmony prevails in this milieu, since no 'identity' dominates." *Voice* continues: "Because it echoes experiential reality—especially on campus—queer theory is drawing a growing number of students who (at least before they registered for the course) were straight." . . . More than we need to know: Reviewing a book on the first 25 years of *Ms.* magazine, **Lindsy Van Gelder** writes in *The Nation*: "Those who lasted at *Ms.* tended genuinely to share [**Gloria**] **Steinem**'s views. (Most of the staff even menstruated on the same schedule.)" . . . **Marta Limbaugh** (Mrs. **Rush**) is reportedly working on launching a new Generation-X magazine called *Vent*.

■ **Jay Leno** quips: "Charlie Trie. Doesn't that sound like some kind of Secret Service code name for **Al Gore**?"

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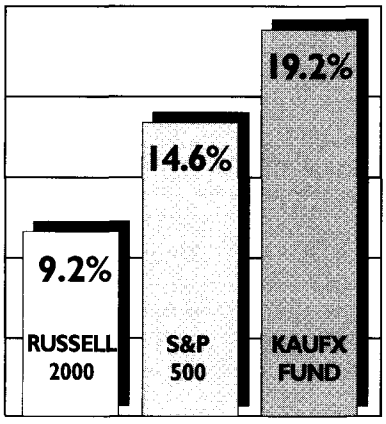

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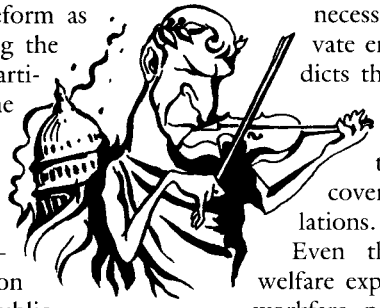
LAST year, even as he heralded the changes that "ended welfare as we know it," President Clinton promised his liberal allies that he would "fix" the welfare-reform bill he was signing. It seemed an insincere and—after the GOP held onto Congress last November—an impossible boast. Yet last week he kept his word. With Congress nodding and smiling in acquiescence, the Clinton Administration has now ended welfare reform as we briefly knew it. Among the provisions of this "bi-partisan" budget deal are the restoration of welfare benefits to elderly non-citizens, increases in food stamps for able-bodied single adults, and $3 billion in new spending on Clinton's boondoggle public-jobs program. And on top of all that, a provision that would have prevented the Administration from gutting workfare requirements was dropped.



"The Republicans negotiated in the sense that a gnat negotiates with the windshield of a moving car," says Robert Rector, the Heritage's expert on welfare. Republicans fought loudly over whether low-income working families should benefit from the child tax credit (and then capitulated). They quietly went along with new regulations that make it almost impossible for states to demand welfare recipients work in exchange for benefits. And what dysfunctional focus group told Republicans that voters begrudge families that earn $20,000 a year, but condone idle, able-bodied welfare recipients?

The welfare debacle goes back to last May when Clinton's Labor Department ruled that most workfare programs are "employment" and therefore subject to the Fair Labor Standards Act and other regulations. Such coverage (never before extended to workfare) includes minimum-wage and prevailing-wage laws, unemployment compensation, the Americans with Disabilities Act, and the National Labor Relations Act. Call it workfare John Sweeney-style.

This proposal naturally upset state governments which have driven recent welfare reforms. Jason Turner, who oversaw the sharp fall in Wisconsin's welfare rolls as director of Gov. Thompson's Welfare Replacement Project, points out that workfare has never been considered wage employment until now. It is "an opportunity for those receiving benefits to contribute to society while learning the habits and skills necessary to succeed in private employment." He predicts that under the Clinton rule organizations would be unwilling to hire participants covered by a host of regulations.

Even the Democrats' own welfare experts object to paying workfare participants the minimum wage. "The ruling may be good for organized labor, but it's bad news for welfare recipients and a raw deal for the states," says Paul Offner, who handled welfare policy for Sen. Daniel Moynihan. He agrees with Turner that "wages should be low so there's an incentive to find a real job."

Yet despite this support from welfare experts and governors of both parties, Republican leaders in Congress were unwilling to have another fight like that over the minimum wage. The result is the dismantling of workfare on several fronts. The number of hours a welfare recipient can be required to work , for instance, may not exceed his benefits divided by the minimum wage (now $4.75 an hour). Of course, the recipient receives a range of benefits which hike his real income. If these were counted, the effective hourly wage would be $13 in the typical state. But the only benefit the Administration will count is the cash grant. That would force most states to restrict workfare to less than twenty hours a week. Republicans sensibly favor including food stamps. And if Medicaid too is included, it would mean an effective hourly wage of $7.75 for a thirty hour week in the typical state.

Some Hill conservatives hope that with the support of the leadership and governors, the labor regulations can be overturned this fall. But such an attempt is sure to invite a veto threat which until now has been quite enough to cow the GOP leadership. And though governors grouse about prescriptive federal rules, strict welfare provisions have never been high on their agenda.

Indeed, some GOP governors have been on Clinton's side in the battle over restoring federal welfare benefits to elderly non-citizens. Last year, non-citizens were made ineligible for most welfare benefits—unless they had worked here for ten years. Now, under the budget deal, elderly non-citizens receiving welfare a year ago are grandfathered into SSI and Medicaid, and non-citizens in the country on the date of last year's law may apply for benefits in the future. At risk is the attempt to strengthen the obligation of immigrants' sponsors to be financially responsible for family members. The Justice Department is simply watering down the requirement.

Sure, those immigrating *after* August 1996 would have to become citizens in order to qualify for assistance. So the incentive for citizenship now becomes eligibility for welfare. Already, their advocates are making a case on their behalf. Cecilia Muñoz of the National Council of La Raza declares: "We are very pleased to have come this far. Now, we want food stamps reinstated."

Indeed, such pressure groups fear that restoring the immigrants' eligibility for welfare may have already weakened their desire for citizenship. La Raza Centro Legal in San Francisco reports an 80 per cent rise in the number of cancelled appointments for help with citizenship applications since the change. And Gilliann Sanchez of the Centro declares interestingly: "*They* still need to become U.S. citizens because *we* still need to vote, to have our voice heard." [Emphasis added.] Vice President Gore couldn't have put it better.

A year ago, President Clinton twice vetoed Republican welfare reform before signing a bill that represented a clear victory for the new GOP majority. In exchange for a modest tax cut, Republicans have now effectively repealed much of last year's reforms. And if the labor regulations stand, the Republican legacy will be a welfare system even more liberal than the one they inherited in 1995.

—KATE O'BEIRNE

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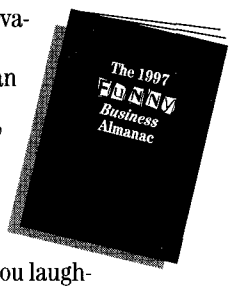

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THE WEEK

■ Following apologies from the U.S. Government, the British government, the Episcopal Church, and others,

NATIONAL REVIEW
Would Like To
Apologize
On Behalf of the American People
To White Males

for ignominies inflicted on them over the last few years.

■ Former Massachusetts Gov. William Weld is right on medical marijuana. So, judging by Proposition 215, are most of the voters in California. But that doesn't entitle any of them to be ambassador to Mexico. When Sen. Jesse Helms voiced his first objections to the nomination, Weld could have tried to bring him round quietly (the kind of thing diplomats do). Instead he posed as a martyr struggling for the soul of the GOP. Is it a set-up for a party switch? For a run in the Republican primaries in 2000? No matter—Weld doesn't have much of a future in either direction. In the meantime he should be sent, not to India (one of the world's most important countries), but to someplace obscure and difficult to spell, so that political reporters will have to look the name up every time they file a story.

■ Agence France-Presse reports that fear of foreigners with the alleged power to shrink penises is spreading quickly in Africa. "The scenario of dread is consistent," it says: "someone who makes brief physical contact with a stranger on the street claims to get a chill, then declares that his penis is shrinking." Foreign "sex stealers" have been beaten, lynched, and, in one case, burned alive by mobs. Are there any vacant ambassadorships in Africa?

■ The educational savings accounts proposed by Sen. Paul Coverdell (R., Ga.) were dropped from the tax bill—after a bi-partisan agreement on the bill was announced. Republicans could have won this fight: would Clinton really have vetoed the whole bill over a provision that expands educational opportunities, and that passed the Senate with 59 votes? But Republicans had already decided they did not want a fight, winnable or not, and agreed to drop the idea if Clinton would spell out his position in writing. They will send him a stand-alone bill on the subject. They had better be prepared to fight. For Clinton, "Children or teachers' unions?" is not a multiple-choice question.

■ Gov. Christine Whitman signed a bill forbidding private golf clubs in New Jersey to set separate tee-off times for women. Clearly this is a feminist issue the governor feels strongly about, and who says a GOP led by moderates can't reach out to everyone?

■ "Without fully realizing it, we have left the time when the non-white, non-Western part of our population could be expected to assimilate to the dominant majority. In the future, the white Western majority will have to do some assimilation of its own." That's what Martha Farnsworth Riche said in *American Demographics* magazine in October 1991, when she was with the private Population Reference Bureau. Now she's Bill Clinton's Census Bureau director and defending the Administration's plan to evade the constitutional requirement that the decennial Census be "an actual enumeration." The Administration would instead use a sampling procedure—a gerrymandering opportunity that could be worth up to twenty House seats to the Democrats. Last year's instant-Democrat program, when background checks were abandoned in a rush to register 1.6 million immigrants in time for the election, should have been quite enough assimilation to Third World mores for one *Presidente*.

■ Richard H. Pildes, a law professor at the University of Michigan, tells the *New York Times* that Justice Sandra Day O'Connor "has rejected both of the ideologically pure positions about race-conscious public policy. . . . She has been groping for an intermediate, subtle, fine-grained position." Maybe she'll find the Constitution.

■ John Kass of the *Chicago Tribune* wrote a pair of moving columns about a white teacher—"Mrs. Smith"—whose face was beaten in by a hammer-wielding black eighth-grader who called her a "white bitch." Kass calls the roll of those who "betrayed" Mrs. Smith, in addition to her assailant: other students who knew the assault was planned but said nothing; formalists who will not mete

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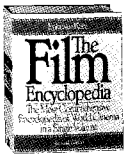

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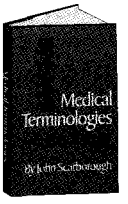

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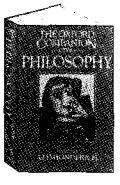

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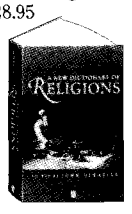

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National Review 2/9/97 U-YM3

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out adult penalties for teenagers even when manifestly appropriate. Is there anyone else? What about Kass and his newspaper for refusing to discuss the racial angle? Mrs. Smith doesn't want to discuss it either: "I don't want this to be perceived as a racial thing," she told Kass. But she is simply wrong: when a black thug calls someone a "white bitch" before attacking her, it *is* as much a "racial thing" as any of the other "hate crimes" hyped nationally. Yet the media routinely downplay black-on-white crimes, while showcasing white-on-black crimes (even imagined ones: e.g., last year's "rash" of black-church burnings). In so doing, they nourish the false sense of grievance, and encourage the revenge fantasies of psychotics.

■ Mrs. Clinton is concerned about a possible affair between the President and a former White House employee. They may have smoked afterward.

■ President Clinton's plea not to "resegregate higher education," as quotas end in California and Texas, casts an interesting light on his view of recent history. How is what is happening *segregation*? Where are the Jim Crow laws, the stony governors, the mobs that only the Army can hold at bay? Mr. Clinton is trifling with icons liberals claim to be proud of, invoking them for rhetorical effect. Not only is he wrong—he is frivolous, and cynical.

■ Over a year ago *NR* reported on Oklahoma Labor Commissioner Brenda Reneau and her tussle with the federal Labor Department. Union leaders were submitting phony "prevailing wage" data on local construction projects, which the feds accepted as valid. (Commissioner Reneau found that some of the jobs cited to establish "prevailing wage" rates—e.g., paving a concrete parking lot—had not been done at all.) Now the Labor Department has released an internal investigation, which "did not find evidence of fraud," though it admitted that "much of the information" was "inaccurate." The U.S. District Attorney in Oklahoma City was less ambiguous: he prosecuted a local union bigwig for making false statements and aiding and abetting illegal acts. The jury found him guilty on 14 counts. Brenda Reneau says the case "just cracked the surface." The unpaved surface, it would seem.

■ "We inherited the planet from our ancestors who had lived in it three thousand years ago," said Adam Ismail, Mustafa Khalil, and Abdullah al-Umari of Yemen in a lawsuit they filed against NASA for trespassing on Mars. Now that you mention it, Mars *does* look a lot like Yemen.

■ Rep. Peter King (R., N.Y.) regrets in a letter (page 2) that *NR* allowed its pages to be "sullied by the writings of admitted murderer Sean O'Callaghan," who wrote a guest editorial suggesting that the latest IRA ceasefire, like the previous one, was not a permanent renunciation of terrorism but a mere tactic. It is true that Mr. O'Callaghan helped to murder people—as an IRA volunteer. Mr. King presumably has little objection to that, since he is an admitted supporter of the IRA, which continued murdering people until last month without losing his good opinion. What distinguishes Mr. O'Callaghan from his former comrades is that he is a repentant murderer. After risking his life as an agent of the Irish police within the IRA in order to save innocent lives—which most of us would have considered sufficient amends for past crimes—he surrendered to the British police, was convicted of murder solely on his own evidence, and served eight years in prison. Mr. O'Callaghan continues to risk his life by giving a uniquely well-informed analysis of Northern Irish politics, thereby undermining IRA propaganda and Mr. King's fantasies (insofar as these can be distinguished). Though Mr. King is willfully blind to the IRA's wickedness, *NR* has long thought him a sensible conservative otherwise. Alas, his statement that "Gerry Adams will get a Nobel Peace Prize long before John O'Sullivan gets a Pulitzer" casts doubt on that. He apparently thinks a Pulitzer is something *NR* should want.

■ Jeanne Calment, the world's oldest woman, died at age 122. If she had not kept smoking those Gitanes till five years ago, she might have been spared.

Bring Back Charlie Trie

Why Charlie lies over the ocean
Imbibing a cup of green tea
Relates to the state of his tummy
When faxes arrive from D.C.
"Come back," they implore, but like Bonnie,
Who also lay over the sea,
He waves from a sofa, recalling
Expressions on each endorsee.

—W. H. von Dreele

Bad Dream

"A DREAM come true," House Budget Chairman John Kasich (R., Ohio) calls the completed budget deal. Newt Gingrich calls it the fulfillment of the Contract with America. Even Republicans who support the deal without enthusiasm say that conservatives should take cheer because "we're winning the debate": politics is now about which taxes to cut and by how much, and how best to balance the budget.

This political accomplishment is one in which Republican politicians and their conservative allies can indeed

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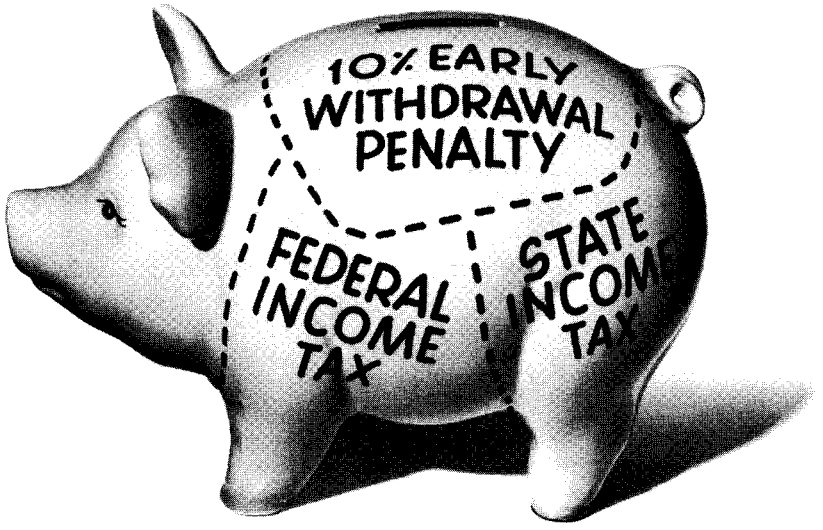

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take pride. But it is not a laurel on which they should rest. In politics, the end of one debate merely sets the stage for the next. And the new post-socialist debate—what should the Federal Government be doing within the constraints of a balanced budget?—is one the Right is losing.

The Federal Government is taking on more functions, not shedding them. The tobacco deal, for instance, represents a major extension of the nanny state over the private sector and, implicitly, over individual behavior. Both the legislative and executive branches have been issuing regulations to enshrine a new "mandate liberalism": when the government is not spending your money directly, it tells you how to spend it.

The budget deal continues this pattern. It terminates not a single federal program—even a vulnerable one like the National Endowment for the Arts—while creating a major new children's health-care entitlement that is sure to grow. An analysis by Stephen Moore of the Cato Institute shows that even before the deal, from 1995 to 1997, the budget for programs that the Contract had slated for elimination actually increased by, on average, 2 per cent. Now even that level of discipline is gone.

The appropriation for the International Trade Administration dropped from $271 million to $261 million over the last two years, but the new GOP appropriation would put it right back up to $280 million. The Corporation for Public Broadcasting's budget went from $286 to $260 million; now it is slated to hit $300 million. The Northeast Corridor Improvement Program? Down from $200 to $179 million back then, but now going all the way up to $273 million. Flush with new revenues and not yet having to pay for the retirement of the Baby Boomers, the government is on a spending spree. In 1998, spending will increase by 5.4 per cent, twice the inflation rate.

Hillary Rodham Clinton rightly calls the new $24-billion children's program a "down payment on the President's goal of providing health insurance for all children." The Congressional Budget Office estimates that half of the children expected to join the new program will simply be substituting government coverage for the private coverage they already have. This is a clear attempt to move middle-class children from the private health-insurance market to dependence on the government. It has been structured to add the nation's governors to the coalition for expanding the program. The only silver lining here is that Republicans held firm in prohibiting states from using the federal handouts to provide abortions (except in cases of rape or incest, or to save the life of the mother).

Last year's welfare reform was hyped as irreversible, but the budget deal effectively repeals it by making it prohibitively expensive for states to operate workfare programs (for the ugly details, see Kate O'Beirne's column). Immigrant lobbies secured the restoration of benefits for non-citizens, demonstrating that, contrary to the wishful thinking of immigration enthusiasts, mass immigration creates a powerful constituency for welfarism.

Welfare caseloads rose 30 per cent in the early Nineties; and while they have declined 17 per cent nationally over the last two years, in most states they are still higher than when Reagan left office. This deal all but guarantees they will stay that way. In 1992, spending on means-tested federal programs was $304 billion. This year, it was $432 billion. Over the next five years, that figure will grow to $532 billion—with bi-partisan approval.

REPUBLICANS made all these concessions to get what they hail as "the first tax cut in 16 years." This deal, however, provides a tenth the tax relief Reagan did. What it gives with one hand, it takes away with the other. The child tax credit, for instance, is reduced in value by the Alternative Minimum Tax. To qualify for lower capital-gains tax rates, assets must be held longer than under current law. Rules for capital gains have not been so complex since FDR, no friend of capital, occupied the White House. Taxes on air travel are going up.

Federal taxes will take a larger share of the economy in 2002 than they do now, with or without this legislation. They will also be more bewildering than ever, with three IRAs and five capital-gains tax rates. Parents struggling with college costs face an array of options including sliding-scale tax credits for tuition expenses, special tax-free savings accounts, and a deduction for interest on student loans. The net effect is likely to be yet higher tuitions and lower quality. Lobbyists, meanwhile, won 302 sections of the tax code: Asian affiliates of Amway, a major donor for Republicans, got preferential tax rates; Microsoft and some other software giants were excused from paying taxes on part of their foreign profits; and so on.

Republicans used to decry Clinton's proposals to cut future spending as "*mañana* budgeting." We are all *amigos* now: 73 per cent of the savings in this five-year plan happen in 2001 and 2002. If the past is a guide, Medicare price controls will not generate the savings budget-writers are counting on. And we shall believe in unspecified discretionary spending cuts when we see them.

The chief political beneficiary of this deal is likely to be a revitalized Democratic Party. Its constituencies will be well fed from the public trough at the same time as its image becomes more fiscally responsible. Rep. Charles Rangel (D., N.Y.) exults that the deal "shatters the myth that we Democrats are spending Democrats and taxing

Rallying round Weld

Like the Stuarts, who slogged on
Till Culloden, where, now wan,
Brits observed the Bonnie Prince
With a yawn or, worse, a wince,
Weld holds high the banner that
Rocky raised till he went splat.

—W. H. von Dreele

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Is Everybody Happy?

Armey's manic on the budget.
Newt skips double-Dutch.
Lott takes locals out for gumbo.
Kasich's in a clutch
With the nearest cleaning lady.
Archer kisses kin.
Clinton called a trooper, but the
Mrs. kicked his shin.

—W. H. von Dreele

Democrats." With the Republican "agenda" of budget-balancing achieved, Democrats can be sure to press for even more spending—probably as early as September. They will demand a minimum wage of $7.25, campaign-finance reform, federal child care, and more health regulation. If Republicans think they are positioned to win those debates, they really are dreaming.

Charlie Trie's Revenge

BE CAREFUL what you wish for. The Democrats on Fred Thompson's Asiagate committee finally got their shot at Haley Barbour. But by the third or fourth question, it was clear that Democratic counsel Alan Baron regretted ever calling the former chairman of the Republican National Committee. What was recorded by the CNN and MSNBC cameras—providing live coverage for the first time in weeks—and the packed room of scribbling reporters was a combative Barbour defending a complicated loan transaction involving the RNC and a Barbour-chaired policy organization, the National Policy Forum. A Hong Kong businessman guaranteed a $2.1-million loan to the NPF, which used part of the proceeds to partly repay a debt to the RNC prior to the 1994 election. It was a messy arrangement—but Barbour was able to knock down any notion that the NPF was an RNC front for laundering foreign money.

What Barbour proved is that not everyone does "it," i.e., send out signals to all of Asia that the U.S. Government is for sale, then snatch up the proceeds from the Bank of China without a thought about the ultimate source of the funds or the motives of the givers. Charlie Trie, a small-time Little Rock operator come to Washington, received some $1.5 million from overseas. Nearly $1 million of it came from a Macao real-estate tycoon named Ng Lap Seng who had ties to the Chinese government. Trie turned $220,000 of the foreign money into contributions to the Democrats, besides offering President Clinton's legal-defense fund more than half a million. (For a detailed accounting of the first month of hearings see Washington Bulletin on www.nationalreview.com.) Why would Ng Lap Seng want to invest so much in U.S. elections? Why did a barely literate letter from Trie on China policy rate the President's attention? Why did alarm bells not go off once the White House learned that Trie was showing up at the defense-fund office with literally a shopping bag full of checks and money orders?

It may be that Thompson will never be able to establish a direct link between any of this activity and the Chinese plan to influence the U.S. election (even committee Democrats now acknowledge that one existed). Which means the committee's work may boil down to campaign-finance reform, which Thompson favors. Proponents of reform make noises about curbing, first, soft money spent on party-building and get-out-the-vote activities and, next, spending by independent political groups. Even this "incremental" reform would muzzle citizens' groups like the National Right to Life Committee and increase the power of the national media. Such "reform" is un-American. Consider it Charlie Trie and Ng Lap Seng's revenge on the political process.

Send Me Your Thugs

THE arrest of the accused "Brooklyn Bombers" is like a flash of lightning that reveals a blot on the landscape: in this case the collapse of immigration control by the Immigration and Naturalization Service. One of the accused (who had two criminal convictions in Canada) entered the U.S. illegally and, when detained, revealed—in a bid for political asylum!—that he had been a terrorist suspect in Israel. He was then released on a $5,000 bond pending a hearing in June. At that hearing, he agreed to leave the U.S. no later than August 23—and was promptly released. The other suspect entered the U.S. legally but overstayed his tourist visa. Both illegal immigrants traveled freely around the country. Local police point out, despairingly, that they have no effective penalties for enforcing immigration rules.

One reason for this is that the media, some urban politicians like Mayor Giuliani, and even on occasion government agencies like HUD treat immigration rules as unenforceable. New York City's CBS station recently ran a report on an "illegal alien shuttle" which brings Mexican workers to Los Angeles, thence to a New York airport, and from there by bus to Queens. When contacted, the INS said it knew of the problem but would only arrest "criminal aliens," i.e., aliens who had committed crimes in addition to entering the U.S. illegally. Yet illegal immigration is supposed to be the crime in which the INS specializes. The reporter ended by declaring, with apparent satisfaction, that the U.S. Government could do nothing to halt this traffic in people. (Remember, this is the government that can put a man on the moon.)

To be sure, the INS regularly boasts about vastly in-

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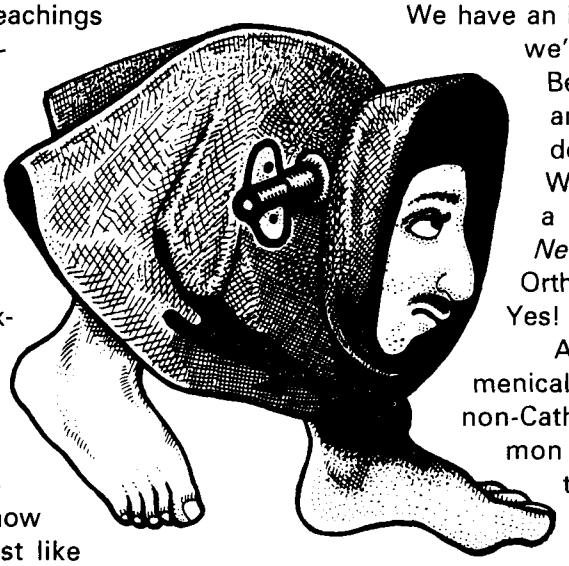
Why Are Catholics Such Cowards?

The Vatican thunders against abortion, priestesses, same-sex "marriage," assisted suicide, illicit sex, consumerism, smutty sex education, defective theology, and more. But walk into your average parish. *Where's the beef?*

All we get are *crumbs*: balloons or clowns or liturgical dancers or banners with greeting-card sentiments, but always platitudinous homilies. We don't hear about the Church's teachings on abortion, euthanasia, homosexuality, pre-marital sex, pornography, birth control, the indissolubility of marriage, Hell, etc. *Why not?* "Too controversial," whines the cowardly pastor. Pop psychology and feel-good "theology" are all the go. Shack-ups and homosexual partnerships are considered morally equivalent to Holy Matrimony, for Father Fluff doesn't refer to husbands and wives as husbands and wives anymore — now he calls them "partners," just like people in immoral unions, lest those living in sin feel "marginalized" or, well, sinful. Indeed, sin and repentance are passé, prompting one to wonder why Christ bothered to get crucified and why the martyrs chose death over compromising the Faith.



Wimpy clerics, deathly afraid of being Politically Incorrect, keep the full Catholic message from us. We're being robbed of our history, doctrine, moral resources, and intellectual heritage. No wonder many Catholics, who don't have a clue as to what Catholicism stands for, fall for anything our decadent culture entices them with!

How long are clerics going to censor the Faith, bow down before the strange gods of an alien culture? We at the NEW OXFORD REVIEW, a monthly magazine edited by orthodox lay Catholics, say to the double-dealing men (men?) of the cloth: "Stop cheating us, and get with the Magisterium!"

We have an international audience, and we're published in infamous Berkeley, so we've seen fads and frauds galore. We know degeneracy when we see it. We aren't afraid to call a spade a spade. No wonder *Newsweek* calls us "cheeky." Orthodox Catholics in Berkeley? Yes! Damn the torpedoes!

Amazingly, we're also ecumenical in spirit — but we engage non-Catholics at the highest common denominator of faith, not the lowest. Many of the finest Catholic and non-Catholic thinkers have appeared in our pages: Walker Percy, Christopher Lasch, Jean Bethke Elshtain, Peter Kreeft, John Lukacs, Sheldon Vanauken, Robert Coles, William Marra, James Hitchcock. No wonder the *Los Angeles Times* calls us "influential"!

If you're sick and tired of Catholicism-Lite, disgusted when clergymen, nuns, and theologians act like wind-up toys of the secularist media and the forces of neopaganism, we're for you. If you're a Catholic with guts, subscribe today!

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creasing the number of deportations—but this increase is from a very small base. With a stock of about five million illegals in this country semi-permanently, there should be approximately five million deportations. At even one-tenth of that figure, the message would soon go out that breaking into America was a mug's game. At which point all the other immigration rules would suddenly become easier to enforce. But the starting point for this—as for so much else—is political will.

Deathwatch

WILLIAM Burroughs has been called the godfather of the Beat movement. Assuming the role of artist-criminals, their project was to reject all the values of "bourgeois" society through drugs, indigence, crime, promiscuous perversion, obscenity, hatred of country, and the valuing of insanity. If normality is Hell, as they claimed, then degradation is sanctity.

In fact, the Beats were prisoners of the hated "bourgeoisie." Reversing every mainstream norm, they became the photographic negative of conformity. Predictable as the man in the grey flannel suit, they did not realize that this predictability was annoying rather than shocking.

Burroughs was a homosexual of the woman-loathing variety who, with supererogatory perversity, married a groupie, Joan Vollmer, in 1945. According to Allen Ginsburg's biographer, Michael Schumacher, Burroughs felt driven to go "off on long, wicked, anti-woman routines, repeating his theory that women were extraterrestrial agents sent by enemies to weaken the male species." They had "poison juices dripping all over 'em," Burroughs said. Hardly surprising, then, that, playing William Tell with a glass on Joan's head, he "missed" and killed her. He later claimed that killing Joan turned him into a writer, death being his Muse. He proceeded to write *Naked Lunch*.

This object is almost unreadable because of its phony narrative tricks. However, its depiction of degradation is so repellent that it may in fact have a bracing moral effect on those who do manage to turn its pages. How Burroughs lived as long as he did remains a medical mystery and certainly causes problems for the Argument from Design. He died in Lawrence, Kansas, at 83, no doubt from secondhand tobacco smoke.

William J. Brennan, R I P

JUSTICE Brennan repeatedly proclaimed the death penalty to be unconstitutional, notwithstanding five references to it in the Constitution. What more needs to be said about his jurisprudence?

Maybe this: In the midst of a national debate over the Equal Rights Amendment in the early 1970s, Justice Brennan engaged in a narrowly unsuccessful effort (it failed 5 to 4) to reinterpret the existing language of the Constitution to incorporate the ERA. Much simpler, after all, to amend the Constitution from the bench than win the support of three-fourths of the states.

Justice Brennan, speaking on behalf of his own "sparkling vision of the supremacy of the human dignity of every individual," was rarely constrained during his 34 years on the bench from substituting his own conscience for that of the Framers or the people's representatives. As a result, the Constitution now is less the product of James Madison than of William Brennan. In areas as diverse as criminal justice, civil rights, federalism, pornography, the role of religion in public life and education policy, we are

The Week in Verse

At last the clouds of *Party* part, reveal
The outlines of a shining *Budget Deal*
In gold against a brilliant sky of blue:
Th' ideal, "a dream" (as *Kasich* says) "come true"!
What though some malcontents still slink away
To Left or Right, to fight another day?
O whither, *Gephardt*? Whither thou, O *Gramm*?
Thinkst thou to hide thee from the great *I Am*?
The godhead unified, the One in Three,
Of *Clinton*, *Gingrich*, *Lott* will set you free
From slavish bonds of old-time ideology.

What though those whom the glorious prospect blinds
Bring to their balanced books unbalanced minds,
Who but two years ago made tax cuts chief
Of *Contract* promises, now give relief
To tax lawyers, and those who pay no tax—
What of such fresh *McGovernite* flashbacks?
And what of new entitlements for kids,
Welfare reform a der'lict on the skids,
"HOPE" scholarships for new academicians
So left-wing profs can jack up their tuitions?
Of *Partisanship* they have broke the chains
At trifling cost of principles (and brains)
For the *Millennium*—besides, they got *Cap Gains*!

But is this triumph for the *GOP*
(And *Boomer Bill's* booming economy)
A sign that they'll elect—had they the man—
A *President* who's a *Republican*?
You peer into your crystal ball and squint.
Although you can't see much, you see this hint,
For, grinning as he counts all his new cash, you'll
Find Leader of the Opposition *Daschle*,
Who says, although he's not inclined to flaunt it,
The *Democrats* got "everything we wanted"—
And now may get, it seems, just one thing more:
The *White House* for (non-partisan) *Al Gore*!

—JUVENAL

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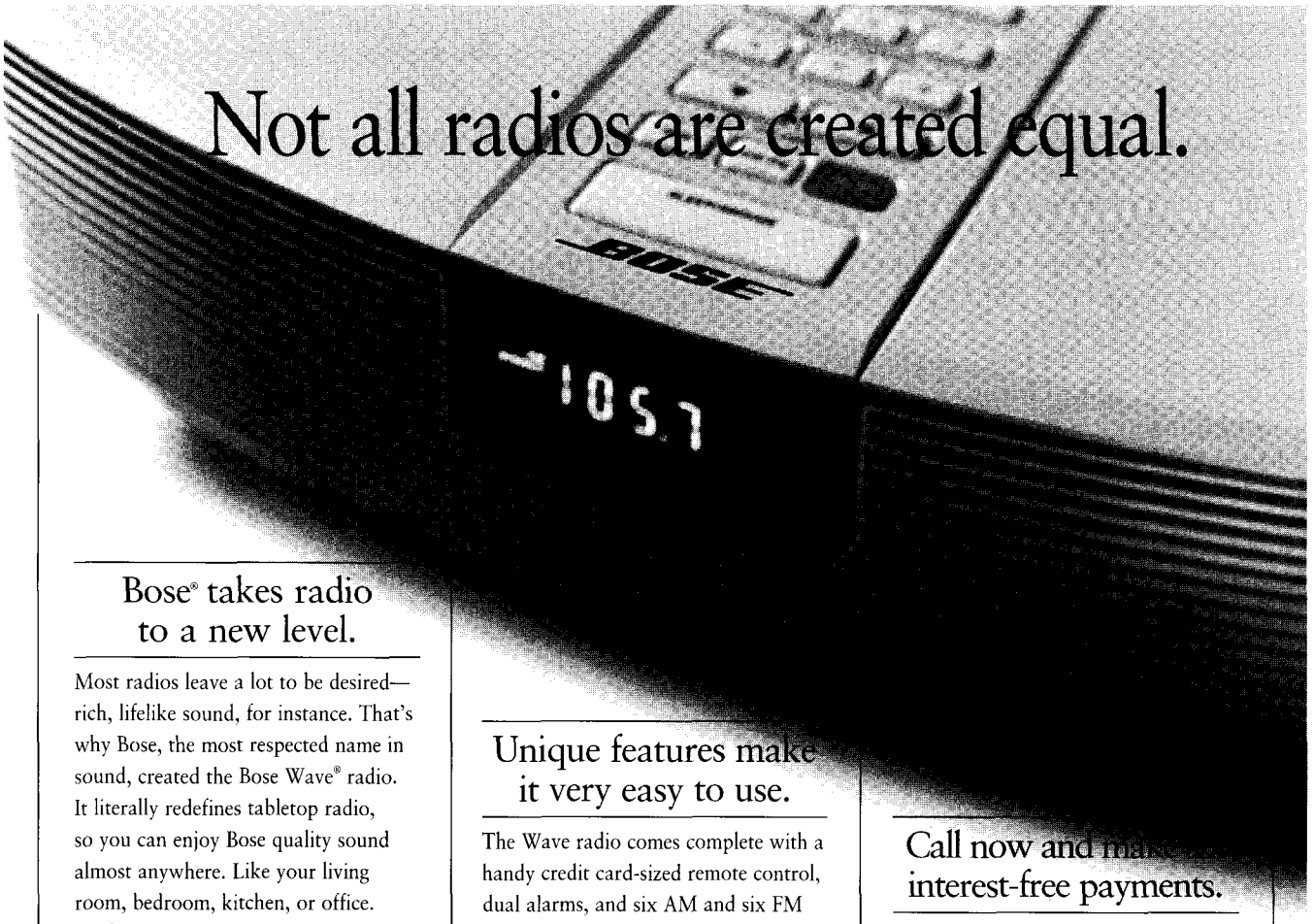

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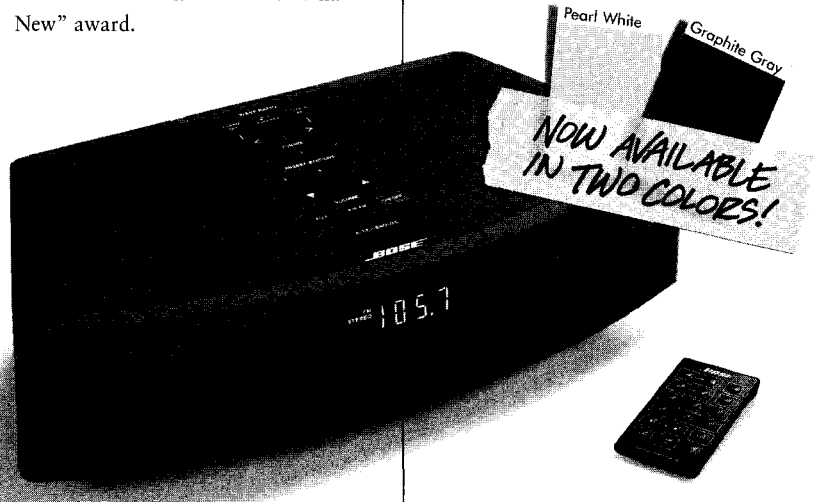

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governed by his decisions. And such decisions have had consequences: urban decay, racial polarization, soaring violent crime, the growth of centralized government, deteriorating public schools, and loss of community.

Beyond his own landmark decisions, Justice Brennan was, by dint of sheer energy, the true architect of countless "Warren Court" decisions. Even today, the transformation of Justice Souter from a pedestrian conservative on the New Hampshire court to a stalwart liberal Justice is attributed to his influence.

The agenda of conservatives in the Congress and the state legislatures will be defined for many years to come by social conditions occasioned by Justice Brennan's decisions. In their efforts to address these, lawmakers will require the assistance of Justices who are as passionately committed to the Constitution as Justice Brennan was to his own conscience.

NOTES & ASIDES

■ Mr. Ronald W. Allen
President, Delta Airlines
Atlanta, Ga. 30320

Dear Mr. Allen:

On Wednesday, June 12, I traveled Delta to Atlanta (from LaGuardia) at 1 P.M. The lunch (roast-turkey sandwich) was okay. After a long afternoon I raced to the airport and took your #524 back to LaGuardia. I was astonished on being told by the flight attendant that we would be served, to eat—pretzels.

I was traveling First Class, but assume my complaint is no different from what it would have been if I had been traveling Economy. In order to get an 8:30 flight in Atlanta you will want to check in at, say, 7:45. In order to do that, you must leave downtown Atlanta at, oh, 7:10. In order to have had dinner by 7:10 you would need to schedule it for 6 P.M. Most people who fly don't eat at 6 P.M. (Even if they did, what is the harm in offering them a sandwich at 9?)

I wrote a note to the captain, protesting Delta's policy. He agreed wholly with my criticism and urged that I write to management, which I now do. It is surely a foolish and self-defeating economy to deny any nourishment to your clients on a two-hour flight beginning at 8:30 P.M. If you persist in these policies, I'd advise you to mount a big sign outside the ticket window: DELTA DOES NOT PROVIDE FOOD. BRING YOUR OWN. The airport is crowded with fast-food stations, and it would have been very easy for the passengers to have brought along something to go with the pretzel. An alternative would be to get a summer student to hawk peanut-butter crackers. Maybe Delta could extract a royalty.

Yours faithfully,
Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

(*Mr. Allen was discharged as president of Delta after the arrival of this letter.*)

■ Memo to: Bill
From: Jeff
Re: Women's Studies at Dartmouth

I've just come across the Women's Studies Department's course offerings for the '97 summer term through the '98 winter term. Among them:

Span. 62: Gender and Writing in 20th Century Spain
WS 7: Eyes/I's of Surrealist Women Artists
WS 25/CL21: Women in 12th Century Europe
WS 33/Socy 34: Black Womanhood in Culture & Society
WS 40/CL52: Latino/a Writing in the U.S.
WS 41/CL 25: Dangerous Liaisons
WS 45: Television and Theories of Gender
WS7: How to Write a Woman's Life
WS 40/Eng. 62: Women, Race, and Writing
WS 45: Women in Pop Music and Music Video
Span. 78: Living in the Borderlands: Latino/a Culture & Identity

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Somewhere, someone must have given you the mistaken notion that you are immune from the rules of civil discourse. On television tonight, you resorted to the gratuitous and degrading label "eco-freaks" in a thinly disguised attempt to win an ecology debate by slander. Only a "ghoulish freak" would be so devious as to make so despicable a verbal attack on people who attempt with good intent to protect our environment (no matter how effectively or ineffectively they do it).

Your attitude is that of a pompous, self-centered reprobate; you consistently obfuscate the issue; you appear to have the intellect, character, and communication abilities of pond scum. Your tactics are matched in freakishness only by your snake-ish leer and ugly watery-eyed, hawk-nosed countenance. If these truths hurt, recognize them for what they are—ad-hominum attacks as degrading, destructive, and pointless as yours.

O. Oymaa
Odelot, Ohio

Dear Mr. Oymaa: But what do we do with the language at our disposal? A freak, as here used, suggests someone lacking in discrimination; thus, e.g., vegetable-freak, sun-freak, salt-freak. To use the terms is not to disdain vegetables, the sun, or salt. The question to consider is whether the person or persons I was talking about are in fact indiscriminately concerned with ecology—e.g., Better one spotted owl survive than a mighty river be contained!—in which case you should correct me specifically. And while looking into the matter, take time to familiarize yourself with the spelling of ad hominem, before you misuse it again and run the risk of being dismissed as an abuse-freak. Cordially, **—WFB**

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- Thank you, David, and good night / 41
- The madness of Mao Tse-tung / 42

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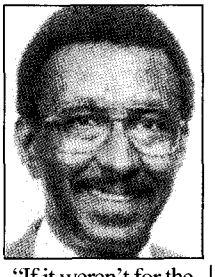

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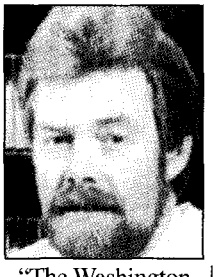

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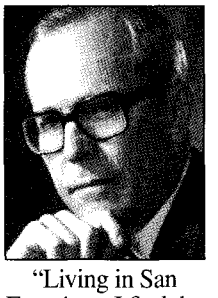

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CAPITAL SCENE

Wedge Shots

RICH LOWRY

Roman Genn

WASHINGTON, D.C.

IN 1990, Democrat Zell Miller, Georgia's 16-year lieutenant governor, won the governor's mansion by racking up huge margins in metropolitan Atlanta and in the rural parts of the state, including northern Georgia, where he had grown up. But by the end of his first term Miller had lost support in his home territory and seemed increasingly vulnerable. He had unsuccessfully pushed to alter the state flag, which was modeled on the Confederate Battle Flag. He had raised the price of hunting and fishing licenses. And he was closely associated with an unpopular President Clinton. When Republican Guy Millner challenged Miller in 1994, Millner ran strong in rural areas, which should have spelled Miller's doom.

But Miller made up ground in the Republican suburbs of Atlanta, where he picked up about ten points. Miller's efforts in gaining passage of welfare reform and a "two strikes" law made GOP voters more comfortable with him, while his program of HOPE scholarships—essentially free college education, funded by a state lottery—proved hugely popular with suburban parents. By election day, the state had awarded roughly 80,000 scholarships, a number that has swollen to more than 240,000. "When you're handing out free college education," says Miller's director of communications, Rick Dent, "that's a very popular thing to do."

Miller's approval rating is now in the 70 per cent range. It's no accident that President Clinton made a version of the HOPE scholarships part of his 1996 campaign. Nor is it surprising that congressional Republicans accepted the resulting grab-bag of college tax credits and deductions as a major part of this year's tax package. In the Seventies and Eighties, the GOP had a well-worn set of "wedge issues"—welfare, crime, taxes—with which to separate the Democratic Party from its electoral base. Now that the effectiveness of those issues has been blunted, the Democrats are thrusting back with their own set of issues—education topping the list—that are meant to drive a wedge between the GOP and the suburban families who should be among the party's bulwarks.

According to a survey by *Congressional Quarterly*, President Clinton won 24 of the United States' 28 biggest suburban counties in 1996, a suburban sweep reminiscent of Richard Nixon and Ronald Reagan. Prior to 1992, 17 of these Clinton counties hadn't voted Democratic in a presidential election since the 1960s, and 7 of them didn't vote for Clinton in 1992. There are, of course, several factors that trend-hunters should take into account: a weak GOP presidential candidate last year, depressed GOP turnout, the more multicultural demographics of some of the older suburbs. But the bottom line is clear: "The young families that everybody thought were sort of a lock for Republicans in 1994," says Ed Kilgore, political director of the centrist Democratic Leadership Council (DLC), "really came back with a vengeance."

Democrats hope to keep driving this trend with a soft liberalism as anodyne and pleasant as a well-kept suburban lawn. Government as taxer and spender is out, but government as security blanket and helpmate in achieving the American Dream is very much in. As Clinton says of the budget, "It reforms and cuts yesterday's government so that we can help provide our people the means to meet the challenges of tomorrow." Or in the formulation of Democratic pollster Alan Secrest, who worked for Gov. Miller's 1994 campaign: "If you're a Democrat and you can keep in balance . . . two values, accountability and opportunity, you will have substantially advantaged yourself." Accountability is symbolized by issues like welfare reform, opportunity by education.

Clinton made education the theme of his State of the Union address, announcing a ten-point plan heavy on standards and testing. He calls investing in education "America's most important priority" and says the budget plan is "the best education budget in a generation." It is no accident that education is such a rhetorical priority. In August of 1996 pollster John Zogby's survey for Reuters had education as the top concern of voters. "That's never happened before—it's always been the economy and jobs, crime and health care," says Zogby. "There's a sense throughout the country . . . that there are just some things that the [local] property tax can't do." Dick Morris contends that Clinton has done for education what Nixon did for crime.

Democrats are thrusting back with a set of issues—education topping the list—meant to drive a wedge between the GOP and suburban families.

The analogy suggests that symbolism will be as important as substance. The Federal Government, after all, can do little about either crime or education, but getting on the wrong side of the

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symbols can be devastating nonetheless. Burned by their experience with "national" standards and testing during the Bush Administration, Republicans are leery of Clinton's initiatives—which has Democratic strategists licking their lips. Bill Goodling (R., Pa.), chairman of the House Education and Workforce Committee, wants to stop development of a new national test. A co-sponsor of one of his resolutions is Rep. Major Owens (D., N.Y.), the Brooklyn liberal. The last time Republicans had such a strange-bedfellows alliance was on the 1995 terrorism bill—a prelude to losing the crime issue in 1996.

"It's the classic wedge issue," the DLC's Kilgore says of education. "It's a real problem with Republicans that the only message they have on education is private-school vouchers in [suburban] areas where there aren't many private schools and where the public schools are pretty good." Democrats hope to supplement the education issue with the full range of micro-initiatives developed last year and targeted at suburban families, especially married women. "The Clinton campaign went through the average woman's average day," says GOP pollster Kellyanne Fitzpatrick, "and said, We're going to appeal to her at every step of that day." Hence the emphasis on safe drinking water and food (for the kids at breakfast, as Vice President Gore once suggested), school uniforms and education generally, television violence and curfews.

The push continues. In the budget deal, Clinton leveraged a tax on tobacco—like guns, a bogeyman with ties to the GOP—into a major initiative on children's health care (as Ted Kennedy put it, "Are you for Joe Camel and the Marlboro Man, or millions of children"?). Anything involving kids has potential appeal to suburban families, which is why the Clinton Administration tried to make even the Environmental Protection Agency's new clean-air regulations about kids with asthma. Clinton calls child care "the next great frontier if we're going to make sure all Americans can succeed at home and at work." A White House conference on child care is planned for October, and Sen. Chris Dodd (D., Conn.) has already introduced the Creating Improved Delivery of Child Care: Affordable, Reliable, and Educational (CIDCARE) bill.

The Administration's EPA sell shows how even retrograde liberalism can be pitched to a family audience. Last year's demagoguery on Medicare—pushed hard by the old liberal labor unions—wasn't targeted so much at reliably Democratic seniors as at the Baby Boomers worried about caring for them. "One of the interesting parts about the strategy," says Robert Borosage of the liberal Campaign for America's Future, "[is] that education and health care work both ways. They work both in the suburbs and the working class." Which is the beauty of a wedge issue: it energizes your party's base at the same time it eats into your opponent's.

It also helps when these issues can be leveraged without resort to extra taxes, which would give the GOP a handy reason for opposing them. So the regulatory power of the state can be brought to bear—as it has been in the case of tobacco, TV sex and violence, and new EPA rules. Or taxes can be imposed in ways that they don't primarily hit the middle class. The tobacco tax that will fund children's health care is regressive, as the tax tables of the liberal Citizens for Tax Justice amply demonstrate. And, if it's anything like its counterparts in other states, the lottery that funds Georgia's HOPE scholarships takes a disproportionate bite out of people in the lower income brackets. But this doesn't particularly matter, so long as the suburbs beckon. □

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ON THE SCENE

The Consummate Politician

JUSTIN G. MAIONA

Roman Genn

CONCORD

THE 1996 election was a wake-up call for Northeastern Republicans, with GOP congressmen being defeated in Maine, Massachusetts, and Connecticut. New Hampshire mostly avoided this trend: its voters returned conservative Sen. Bob Smith to office (much to the chagrin of Dan Rather and CBS News), Republicans won both House seats, and the state legislature remains solidly Republican. Nonetheless, New Hampshire Republicans suffered one of the region's more shocking defeats when their candidate for governor, the conservative Ovide LaMontagne, was painted as an extremist and soundly thrashed by the Democratic candidate, the disturbingly Clintonesque Jeanne Shaheen.

Still, with Republicans in control of the state legislature one would assume that Mrs. Shaheen could be easily contained. Guess again. By patronizing the Right, legislating to the left, and proclaiming herself a centrist, Jeanne Shaheen is doing to the Republican majority in New Hampshire what Bill Clinton is doing to the Republican leadership in Washington: steamrolling them with a smile and handshake.

New Hampshire is by far the most conservative of the New England states. There is no state income or sales tax. The state legislature is made up of true citizen legislators, who are paid $100 per year for their services. Unfortunately, the legislation they are debating this year is more what one would expect from the Massachusetts legislature: increased budgets, tax hikes, abortion rights. Combine a new House Speaker, Donna Sytek, with a widening chasm between moderate and conservative Republicans, and you have the perfect stage for the Clinton-style Omnicrat.

The Omnicrat is a new breed of politician. If the issue is one that cannot lose, Omnicrats get behind it. If it is one whose popularity is difficult to gauge, they express the merits of both sides and wait until the dust settles. In the face of conservative opposition, they label Republicans ideologues, unwilling to do the people's business. Then, after speaking endlessly about working together and bi-partisanship, they wait for the moderates to succumb to the pressure. This strategy won Bill Clinton two terms in the White House, and is now serving Jeanne Shaheen well.

Mrs. Shaheen campaigned on promises of no new taxes (she even took New Hampshire's famous anti-tax pledge, the first Democrat to do so), but the centerpiece of her campaign was publicly financed kindergarten. Any Omnicrat knows that child-related issues are the surest means of expanding government. During the campaign, opposition to her kindergarten plan was muted at best. Richard Lessner, editorial-page director at the *Manchester Union Leader*, states that Republicans were unable or unwilling to counter Mrs. Shaheen's arguments on behalf of her plan with actual facts. For instance, 87 per cent of New Hampshire's 5-year-old children were already enrolled in some form of kindergarten—just half a percentage point below the national average, according to the Department of Education. Mrs. Shaheen's proposal was targeted at the remaining 13 per cent, approximately 2,400 children. The Granite State Taxpayers Association released a study comparing New Hampshire children who attended kindergarten with those who did not; the study showed no substantial differences between the two groups of children, as measured by test scores in grades three, six, and nine.

Once Mrs. Shaheen was elected, she began her crusade for kindergarten in earnest. She boldly stated that New Hampshire was the only state in the nation without public kindergarten; in fact, 13 other states do not have it. According to Republican State Representative John Root (also a member of the State Board of Education), of the 36 states that do have publicly financed kindergarten, only 11 mandate the attendance of 5-year-old children.

Then, having promised during the campaign not to raise broad-based taxes, Gov. Shaheen proposed a 25-cent-per-pack hike on cigarette taxes to pay local-

Jeanne Shaheen is doing to the Republican majority in New Hampshire what Bill Clinton is doing in Washington.

ities 75 per cent of the cost of public kindergartens, with the balance going to the state's General Fund. This should have come as no surprise since, as a state senator, Mrs. Shaheen had voted for every tax increase over the last decade.

So, just as Bill Clinton does in Washington, Jeanne Shaheen divided the Republican majority. Legislators had their choice portrayed as supporting children, or supporting big tobacco. State Rep. Ann Torr, a characteristic moderate Republican, defends the program on the grounds that localities are not required to avail themselves of the funds. The

Mr. Maiona is an attorney practicing in Boston.

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catch is that towns that do accept the funds must raise the remaining funds themselves—which of course translates into property-tax increases. As a result, many towns that have not had public kindergartens will choose not to start them, rather than raise taxes, while towns with kindergartens will receive a windfall. Nevertheless, with moderates defecting, the bill was a sure thing.

Gov. Shaheen has used her gift for dividing and conquering New Hampshire Republicans in other ways as well. For example, on the question of abortion restrictions, she managed to split off libertarians from cultural conservatives, creating a majority in favor of ending restrictions. Speaker Sytek, herself pro-life, remembers particularly the "glee" with which Gov. Shaheen signed the resultant legislation. New Hampshire now has absolutely no laws restricting abortion.

Gov. Shaheen also shares the intensely frustrating Clinton ability to maintain credibility while supporting both sides of an issue. According to Lessner, she accepted gambling money for months during the campaign. Once elected she stated that she would sign a bill expanding gambling if one reached her desk. After detecting healthy opposition to such a plan she retreated but was able to save face with the gambling interests by pointing out that there was no bill to sign.

Similarly, she allowed the most recent budget to become law without her signature, even though it contained 90 per cent of what she wanted. That way she can take credit for popular appropriations and blame the Republican legislature for controversial ones. Speaker Sytek states that this "plausible deniability" is typical of Gov. Shaheen's style.

Finally, the Speaker points out that the governor vetoed teacher "competency testing" but recently affirmed her support for teacher "assessment" at the governors' conference in Las Vegas. Is this beginning to sound familiar?

There is some hope for New Hampshire Republicans. John Root is a member of a group called the House Republican Alliance. The group was founded by conservatives who were frustrated during the last session by the Republicans' lack of an agenda. The purpose of the Alliance is for Republicans to develop a legislative agenda that reflects Republican core values such as low taxes and limited government. Whether the group will have any effect, however, remains to be seen.

Recent experience on the state and national levels demonstrates that when Republicans cede their basic principles they become Democrats in all but name. In fact, Rep. Torr states that her only criticism of Gov. Shaheen is the governor's party affiliation.

Bill Clinton has shown his fellow Democrats the Republicans' Achilles' heel: because maintaining principled opposition to feel-good proposals is hard, Omnicrats offer a seductive hope to weary conservatives. Unless those conservatives mobilize themselves—and wavering moderates—to confront the Democrats on certain basic principles, Clinton's legacy may prove fatal. If it can happen in New Hampshire it can happen anywhere. □

Placing the Blame

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

Roman Genn

LONDON

THE growth of empires, Winston Churchill once said, is often accompanied by much suffering: their dissolution, always. The chief sufferers from Britain's loss of its last major imperial possession, Hong Kong, are the Hong Kong Chinese; how bitter their suffering will be is anybody's guess. Meanwhile, a most entertaining fight (if entertainment is permissible in a tragic affair) has broken out between the last governor of Hong Kong, Christopher Patten, and those representatives of the British Foreign Office, notably Sir Percy Cradock and the then foreign secretary, Geoffrey Howe, who fixed the deal with Peking.

Cradock, now retired, was a professional diplomat of excellent reputation. Patten was, and probably is, an ambitious career politician on the left wing of the Conservative Party; he was one of those who, when the chips were down, failed to support Margaret Thatcher. Almost exactly the same description applies to Howe, except that he was the man who actually drove the dagger into Mrs. Thatcher's back.

Promoting the fight is Jonathan Dimbleby, a leftish political broadcaster whose semi-official book and a spin-off television program about the Prince of Wales contained Charles's disastrous public admission of adultery. A new book by Dimbleby, about Patten's governorship, and again a related television program, triggered this latest row.

First, a reprise of undisputed facts. Permanent possession of Hong Kong—then little more than a rocky island—was ceded to Britain by a valid (although Peking now says "unequal") treaty in 1841. The larger "New Territories" on the adjacent mainland were acquired under a 99-year lease in 1898. The huge wealth of Hong Kong has been built up only since the Second World War, the result, at least partly, of the flood of industrious refugees pouring in from China.

Every other part of Britain's discarded empire has been handed over to indigenous, nominally democratic, regimes. The idea of abandoning this last glittering jewel to an odious tyranny seemed deeply shocking. But, as the ominous 99th year approached, was there any choice? China was militarily capable of taking Hong Kong any day she chose: and even if, improbably, she respected the perpetual treaty, the island could scarcely be maintained if water and other essential supplies from the New Territories were cut. The Foreign Office concluded that the situation was hopeless; a managed surrender was the only option. To the irritation of her bureaucrats, Margaret Thatcher fought hard against this conclusion, but she was finally compelled to accept it.

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Percy Cradock shuttled to and fro, while, under Geoffrey Howe's supervision, a deal was negotiated for what Peking subtly called "one country, two systems," allowing Hong Kong to remain a capitalist—though not independent or democratic—entity for another fifty years. Cradock and Howe were proud of their achievement. Prime Minister John Major, meanwhile, offered Chris Patten, who lost his seat in Parliament in 1992, the consolation prize of being Hong Kong's last governor. Within months of his arrival he started tinkering with what had been so delicately arranged. In his view the Tiananmen Square massacre in 1989 and the growth of a vociferous Democracy Movement in Hong Kong had altered the situation. His objective was to introduce as much democracy as he could before the Communists took over.

The charge against Patten is that by political posturing he rendered freedoms less likely to survive.

All he could actually do was add a few democratically elected members to the ultimately powerless Legislative Council. But this was quite enough to enrage Peking. Other disputes followed: Patten was called "whore," "triple violator," "tango dancer," and "criminal for a thousand years." The details hardly matter, since his democratic reforms have already been canceled. However, Peking was not alone in being angered. The British negotiators felt that, as though in "some virility contest with China" (as Dimbleby put it), Patten had undermined their work, sacrificing the real interests of Hong Kong for the sake of good notices in the Western media.

Heated words erupted. Dimbleby–Patten (they seem to speak with one voice) accused "a motley array of superannuated diplomats and politicians" of "appeasement," "betrayal," "arrogance, cynicism, and dishonorable conduct." There had been "a most blatant act of perfidy" in reneging on a commitment to hold elections before the handover. Cradock and Howe had been "apologists for China," "camped with the enemy," and—gravest charge of all—they had allowed their own future commercial interests to color their judgment.

These accusations, fumed Howe, reviewing the book, were "unjust," "grotesque," and "libelous." Cradock called them "grubby" and "groundless." Patten's actions had "brought the colony a bitter quarrel with China, worse terms for the transition and less protection after 1997." Patten himself does not deny that his efforts have proved fruitless. "But," says Cradock, "consciousness of failure is no excuse for questioning the integrity of everyone who disagrees with him."

There was, Patten's opponents admit, a secret exchange of correspondence between London and Peking which Patten never saw. Could it have been deliberately kept from him? With John Major's connivance? Absurd, says the Foreign Office; there was no conspiracy against the governor. The Foreign Office faction is now simultaneously accusing Dimbleby of getting it all wrong and alleging that he based his charges on confidential Foreign Office documents which Patten illegally showed him—in other words, It isn't true; or, if it is, he shouldn't have known, and, anyway, he is misinterpreting it.

"I dare say," Patten once observed drily, "there are some who, if China were saying, 'Our price is the slaughter of the first-born,' would say, 'Well, maybe that's not unreasonable in the circumstances. You have to allow for cultural differences, you know.'" The protestations of Howe and Cradock would be more absolutely convincing if the record of the Foreign Office in recent years had not been so notoriously one of "preemptive cringe"; which is not to say that they acted other than honorably, or that better terms could actually have been obtained.

Patten and Dimbleby, for their part, would be more persuasive if they talked less about "democracy," a meaningless term in Hong Kong's situation and quite unacceptable to Peking, which regarded Patten's electoral innovations as a dangerous move toward independence. What matters in Hong Kong is not democracy but freedom; personal freedom, which neither requires nor is guaranteed by democratic forms. The charge against Patten, leveled by Hong Kong's business community, is that by political posturing he rendered these essential freedoms less, not more, likely to survive the handover of power.

Patten has retreated to France, where he is now writing his own version of events. Some Tories regard him as "the king over the water," who will soon be re-elected to Parliament, reinvigorate the Conservative Party, and, in due course, become prime minister. His credentials, in their eyes, were enhanced by his time in Hong Kong. This is probably true. He covered his left flank by the choice of Dimbleby to speak for him, and he has improved his position with right-wing, Thatcherite Conservatives by claiming to have learned from his Hong Kong experience what capitalism, low taxation, and free markets can do. Meanwhile, Cradock and Howe, in their retirement from government service, are wooing China for business.

And the people of Hong Kong? Who knows? This year brought not only the end of the 99-year lease but also two thought-provoking anniversaries. It is just half a century since Britain's postwar Labour Government began the retreat from empire by precipitately leaving India, at the cost of over a million Indian lives and a catastrophic partition of the country. And Queen Victoria's magnificently staged Diamond Jubilee marked the zenith of the British Empire, which covered a quarter of the globe. If the object is, or should be, the security, freedom, and happiness of the governed, can we honestly say that the world today is better run? □

Guerrillas in the Midst

RON CHEPESIUK

BOGOTÁ, COLOMBIA

THE hostage siege at the Japanese Embassy in Lima focused worldwide attention on Peru's Tupac Amaru Revolutionary Movement (MRTA). The siege ended only when Peruvian commandos stormed the compound, killing the 14 guerrillas and liberating the 72 hostages. Meanwhile, a more ominous political development was taking place in neighboring Colombia, where, in the year in which

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the world observes the thirtieth anniversary of the death of revolutionary icon Che Guevara, the country's long-standing Marxist guerrilla movement has emerged as a big player in the most capitalistic of enterprises: the multibillion-dollar international drug trade.

Colombia's guerrillas, who have been trying to overthrow the government since Guevara's time, continue to espouse Marxist ideology, but most Colombians no longer take the rhetoric seriously. Today, these "revolutionaries" rely on their connection with the drug trade to fill the money gap left by the demise of their former financial backer, the Soviet Union.

"It has become big business to be a guerrilla in my country," President Ernesto Samper explained in an interview at the Presidential Palace in Bogotá. "The romantic ideal of Che is a thing of the past." In fact, the guerrillas have raised hundreds of millions of dollars through their drug activities.

Many Colombians hoped that perhaps their country had turned a corner in the battle against its drug traffickers, when the vicious Medellín Cartel collapsed following the December 1993 shooting of its godfather, Pablo Escobar Gaviria, by the police, and after relentless pressure by the authorities led to the capture of the leaders of the Cali Cartel.

But recent drug busts have shown that the guerrillas have almost completely filled the vacuum in the drug trade. In February, for example, Colombian anti-narcotics police seized eight tons of cocaine and shut down a huge drug-processing complex in the southeastern state of Guaviare. This lab alone, which was protected by members of Revolutionary Armed Forces of Colombia (FARC), Colombia's largest guerrilla group, had the capacity to produce nearly half the cocaine shipped to the U.S. annually by Colombian drug traffickers.

U.S. and Colombian authorities saluted the bust as a major blow to the country's drug-distribution network, but the next month, the anti-narcotics police disabled two more gigantic heroin and cocaine processing centers in the departments of Guaviare and Tolima. They confiscated 35 tons of precursor chemicals utilized in the manufacture of cocaine and two tons of processed cocaine ready for shipment abroad.

The guerrillas are involved in the drug trade in a variety of ways. They impose a 10 per cent tax on drug shipments that traffickers move through their territory, and they will often protect the trafficker's laboratories for a fee. They supervise coca cultivation and run their own cocaine processing and distribution operations in remote parts of the country. The guerrillas are also believed to play a major role in opium cultivation, Colombia's newest growth industry, a development that has made the country one of the world's top three heroin-producing centers and sparked concerns in the United States about a possible heroin epidemic.

The guerrillas were believed to be behind the violent protests that rocked

Roman Genn

Colombia last August. Coca farmers were angry that the government had initiated a program to burn and spray their coca fields without offering any compensation other than promises of low-interest loans to grow substitute crops. The farmers can make much more money selling their coca and poppy crops to drug traffickers than they can by growing legitimate crops.

"The guerrillas don't share an ideological relationship with the drug traffickers," explained Leonardo Gallego, head of Colombia's anti-drug police. "But their alliance has produced a lucrative trade-off: cocaine and heroin is exported and weapons are imported." Gallego noted that the guerrillas can pay their troops the equivalent of $300 to $400 a month, while professional soldiers in the Colombian army make a little more than $200 a month.

The guerrillas were an insignificant threat a few years ago, but drug money has made them a force to be reckoned with. In his book *The Cartel of FARC*, an investigation of guerrilla involvement in the drug trade, Luis Alberto Villamarín Pulido put FARC's 1995 earnings from criminal activities (drug trafficking, kidnapping, and extortion) at $395 million. Drug trafficking brought in $213 million, or 54 per cent of the total amount.

The guerrillas now hold sway in large parts of Colombia—perhaps as much as 50 per cent of the country. "In certain areas they are the law and authority," explained Juan G. Tokatlian, a sociology professor at the National University in Bogotá and an expert on Colombian politics.

Three years ago, I wouldn't have hesitated to travel outside Bogotá, but such a trip today would be dangerous, perhaps even foolhardy, given that guerrillas now routinely cut off highways in certain parts of the country, stopping autos at roadblocks, looking for possible kidnap victims—especially foreigners—whom they could hold for ransom. They will shoot on the spot anyone whom they suspect of working for security forces.

The reaction of the U.S. Government to this development has been ambivalent. From afar, U.S. drug czar Barry McCaffrey has echoed Colombian government officials by declaring the country's guerrillas to be the third cartel. Here in Bogotá, the U.S. embassy sings a different tune. "The guerrillas are nothing but bandits and are only interested in money," U.S. Ambassador Myles Frechette said. He added: "I wouldn't call them a cartel, though—that is, a criminal organization that distributes drugs in a systematic manner."

Ambassador Frechette's caution is understandable. To assign the role of the Third Cartel to the Colombian guerrilla movement could lead to added pressure from the country's military for more assistance, but the United States is already under fire from human-rights groups like Amnesty International and Human Rights Watch, who charge that American military equipment intended for anti-drug operations in Colombia has been diverted for use against the guerrillas and that the anti-guerrilla campaign has led to massive human-rights violations.

But in this country where drug trafficking dominates politics, it is now

(Continues on page 56)

Mr. Chepesiuk's book on the United States' anti-narcotics campaign 1981–1997 will be published this year in English by McFarland and in Spanish by Circulo de Lectores.

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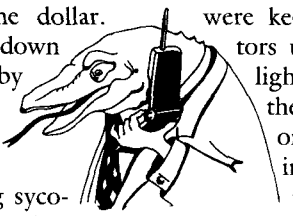
GEKKO

MY sinister international speculator friends are resigned to losing the world's Miss Congeniality contests, but their image in South East Asia has taken a sharp whack after the recent round of devaluations of local currencies against the dollar. These price cuts brought down the value of the Thai baht by over 20 per cent against the dollar and the Malaysian ringgit by around 5 per cent. After years of hearing sycophantic talk about the Asian miracle, Asian values, and the genius of Asian leaders, the Asian politicians found it impossible to believe that they had ever made any Asian mistakes. Since a villain had to be found, the global fixed-income arbitrageur (as we prefer to think of ourselves) was dragged forward and given the part.



The most shrill comments have come from Mohammed Matathir, the Prime Minister of Malaysia, and he decided that evil should be anthropomorphized in the person of George Soros, who conveniently is a billionaire hedge-fund manager. Soros had earned Matathir's particular ire because, the PM says, the speculator was punishing Malaysia for publicly opposing the military junta in Burma. Matathir referred to Soros and his colleagues as rogues and criminals who were seeking freedom for speculators and anarchists.

Secretary of State Madeleine Albright leapt to Soros's defense, saying he was not responsible for the currency turmoil, and Soros himself denied that he had devalued the ringgit. No doubt. He didn't say what his submanagers had done.

The truth is that all the South East Asian "tigers" had tied their currencies to fixed exchange rates with the U.S. dollar for too long. That had led to an excessive inflow of dollar and yen lending, along with a lot of hot equity portfolio money. The effect was to overleverage local companies, and to encourage too much investment in local property markets. The ensuing boom, for which Matathir and his colleagues were willing to take credit, was really trouble in the making. This could have been averted earlier if there had been gradual adjustments in the exchange rates. But the governments were in a control-freak high, and thought they were keeping international speculators under control. Ironically, in light of Matathir's comments, the devaluations, while rough on the individual companies in these countries, have gotten the former tigers—now pussycats—on the road to economic revival. Matathir's comments echo the sort of anti-cosmopolite, anti-Anglo-Saxon comments that French politicians were making back in 1992.

For a balanced, reasonable commentary on the Asian currency crisis, and in particular on Matathir's statements, I turned to one of my emerging-market investor friends. What would be his response to the Prime Minister?

"You can tell Mr. Matathir that it was fun f——— his wife. And his daughter. In his house. Before we burned it. After the party."

■ An angry politician who thinks his "dignity" has been offended is pretty ridiculous. But is he as ridiculous as a self-satisfied one? Looking at the grinning idiots on Capitol Hill after the budget deal/sellout/agreed-on fiction that was just passed, you have to wonder. The silliest part was where both Democrats and Republicans talked as if the deficit was closing because of their actions. They might as well have said that the deficit was closing thanks to some chicken they killed in a Santeria black-magic ceremony.

"I'm sorry, Henderson, but my wife won't let me start a profit-sharing plan."

Once again, we must call in the ghost of William of Ockham, who taught us that where there is more than one explanation for a phenomenon, we should choose the simplest. In the case of the disappearing deficit, we have to look to the unexpected increase in tax revenues.

I called on Susan Sterne, the eminent consumer economist, to find out where this money came from. "The entire unbudgeted-for increase in tax revenues on which the deal was based came from 'non-withheld' income. The increase doesn't show up in the Social Security revenues and doesn't show up in the state revenues, so even though the IRS data comes out late, we can be pretty sure it was from capital gains and proprietors' income. In other words, it came mostly from realized gains in the markets."

Great—a perpetual-motion machine. Capital gains go up with the market, which closes the deficit, which creates and justifies lower rates, which creates more capital gains . . . No. This is where we see there is a wealth effect. Whenever people cash in their winnings, they will save much of them, but then spend part of the "house's money"—which will lead to an overheated economy, probably by the fall.

■ All of us Russia watchers have been looking forward to the culmination of the brawl between Prime Minister Viktor Chernomyrdin's gang and the posse led by Vladimir Potanin, the head of the Onexim group. The immediate object of their conflicting affections is Norilsk Nickel—a real debate over principles. This is fun to watch, since you don't have to be concerned about which side is morally superior. It reminds me of the Fifties Japanese movies such as *Godzilla versus Rodan the Flying Monster*, creatures as attractive as the Russian contestants. You don't identify with the Japanese train-riders who are eaten by Godzilla and Rodan, and we don't think of ourselves as having much in common with the Russian people. If we did, we would find the whole Norilsk takeover battle to be pretty offensive.

—JOHN DIZARD

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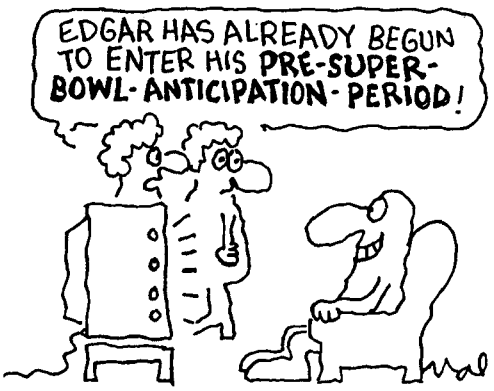
help!!!!



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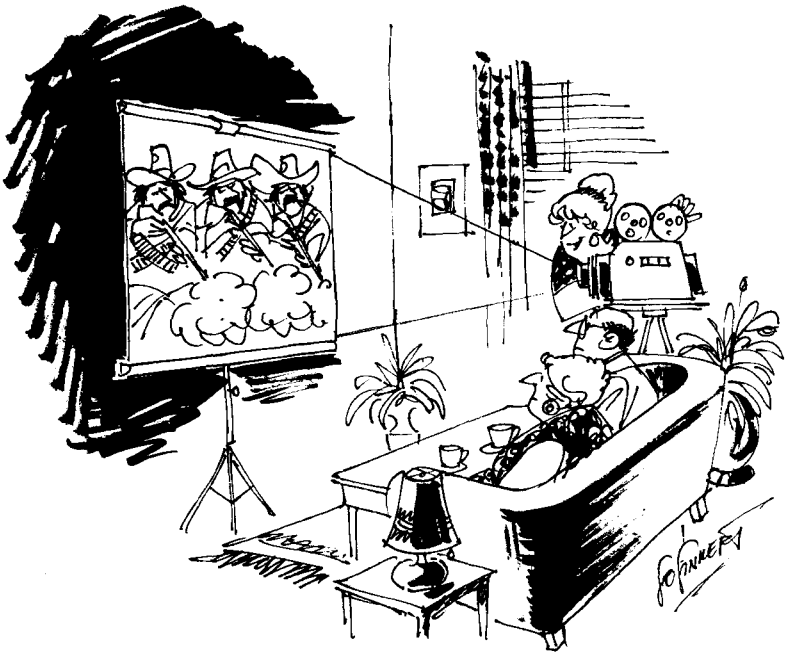
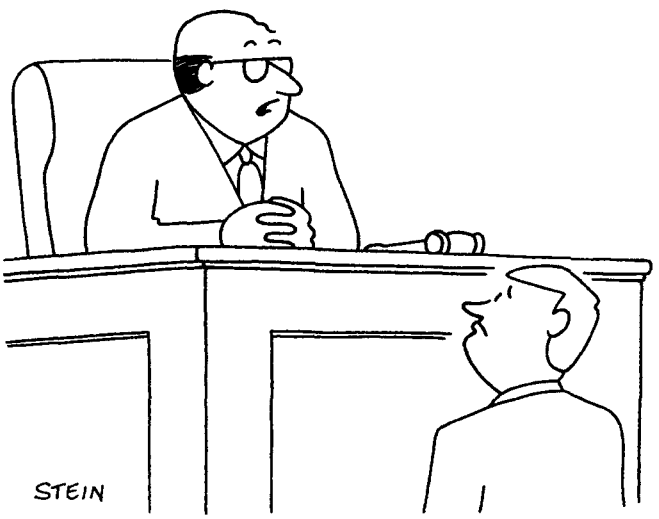


"Arthur was a photobug right to the end."



"Please go on with your side of the story and try to ignore my facial expressions."

Pax Romana

Like NATO, Rome appealed to all
Except (who else?) the Gauls.
The Germans loved the uniforms;
The Greeks, the marble halls.
The Brits forswore the color blue
In chic Londinium.
When everyone had piled on board,
The pax fell on its bum.

—W. H. von Dreele

"My daughter has been divorced twice—but at least my son has found Mr. Right."

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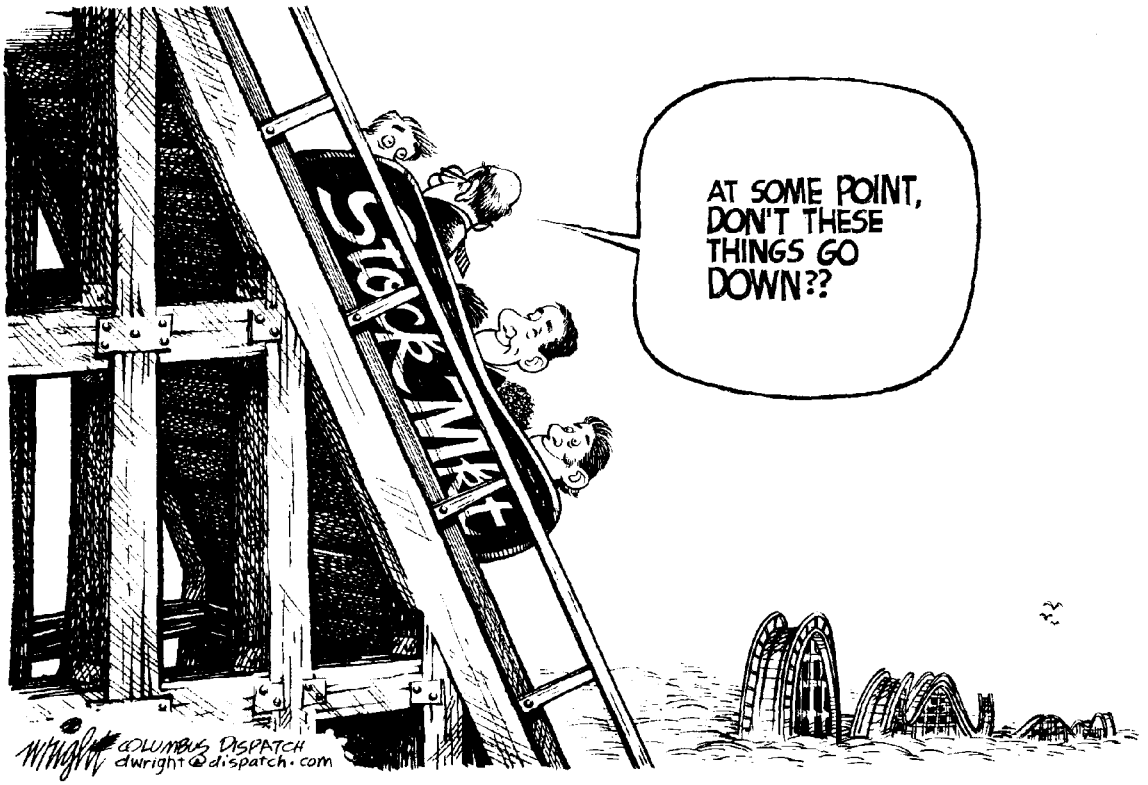

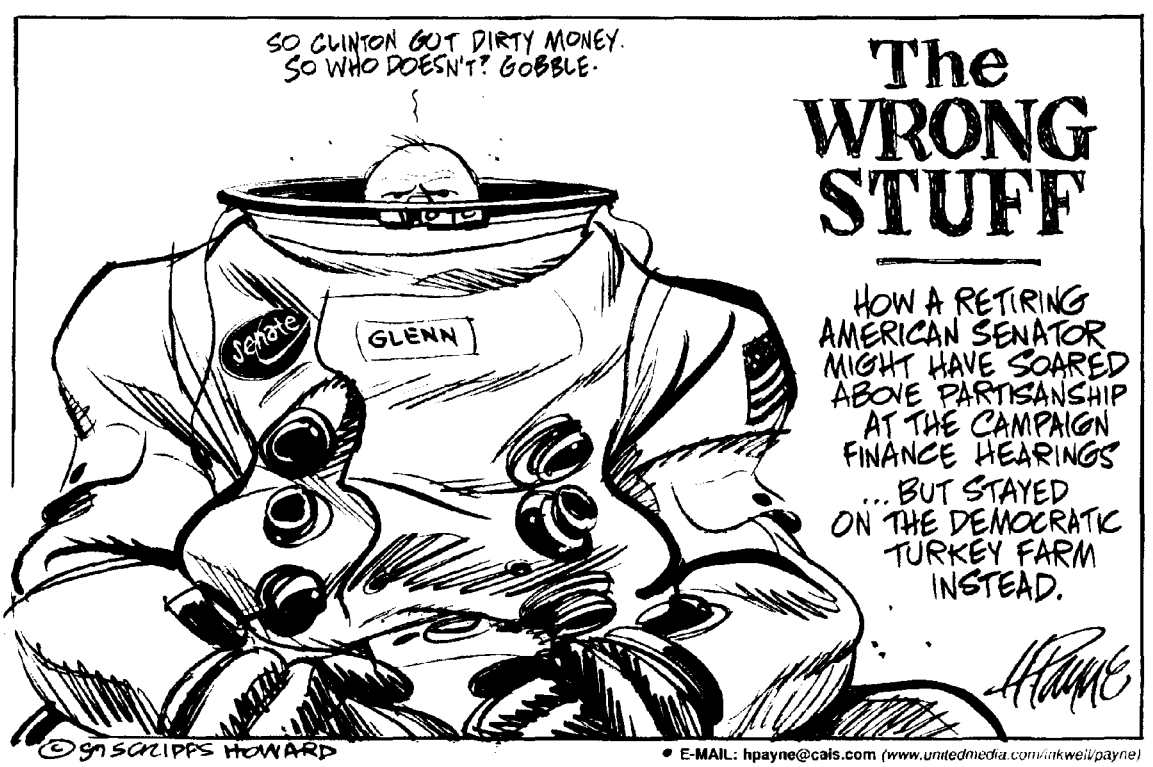
SO CLINTON GOT DIRTY MONEY. SO WHO DOESN'T? GOBBLE.
The WRONG STUFF
HOW A RETIRING AMERICAN SENATOR MIGHT HAVE SOARED ABOVE PARTISANSHIP AT THE CAMPAIGN FINANCE HEARINGS ... BUT STAYED ON THE DEMOCRATIC TURKEY FARM INSTEAD.
Senate
GLENN
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Who Is Maurice Strong?

The adventures of Maurice Strong & Co. illustrate the fact that nowadays you don't have to be a household name to wield global power.

RONALD BAILEY

"THE survival of civilization in something like its present form might depend significantly on the efforts of a single man," declared *The New Yorker*. The *New York Times* hailed that man as the "Custodian of the Planet." He is perpetually on the short list of candidates for Secretary General of the United Nations. This lofty eminence? Maurice Strong, of course. Never heard of him? Well, you should have. Militia members are famously worried that black helicopters are practicing maneuvers with blue-helmeted UN troops in a plot to take over America. But the actual peril is more subtle. A small cadre of obscure international bureaucrats are hard at work devising a system of "global governance" that is slowly gaining control over ordinary Americans' lives. Maurice Strong, a 68-year-old Canadian, is the "indispensable man" at the center of this creeping UN power grab.

Not that Mr. Strong looks particularly indispensable. Indeed, he exudes a kind of negative charisma. He is a grey, short, soft-voiced man with a salt-and-pepper toothbrush mustache who wouldn't rate a second glance if you passed him on the street. Yet his remarkable career has led him from boyhood poverty in Manitoba to the highest councils of international government.

Among the hats he currently wears are: Senior Advisor to UN Secretary General Kofi Annan; Senior Advisor to World Bank President James Wolfensohn; Chairman of the Earth Council; Chairman of the World Resources Institute; Co-Chairman of the Council of the World Economic Forum; member of Toyota's International Advisory Board. As advisor to Kofi Annan, he is overseeing the new UN reforms.

Mr. Bailey is a freelance journalist and television producer in Washington, D.C. He is the author of Eco-Scam: The False Prophets of Ecological Apocalypse *(St. Martin's) and* The True State of the Planet *(Free Press).*

Yet his most prominent and influential role to date was as Secretary General of the 1992 UN Conference on Environment and Development—the so-called Earth Summit—held in Rio de Janeiro, which gave a significant push to global economic and environmental regulation.

"He's dangerous because he's a much smarter and shrewder man [than many in the UN system]," comments Charles Lichenstein, deputy ambassador to the UN under President Reagan. "I think he is a very dangerous ideologue, way over to the Left."

"This guy is kind of the global Ira Magaziner," says Ted Galen Carpenter, vice president for defense and foreign-policy studies at the Cato Institute. "If he is whispering in Kofi Annan's ear this is no good at all."

Strong attracts such mystified suspicion because he is difficult to pin down. He told *Maclean's* in 1976 that he was "a socialist in ideology, a capitalist in methodology." And his career combines oil deals with the likes of Adnan Khashoggi with links to the environmentalist Left. He is in fact one of a new political breed: the bisectoral entrepreneur who uses business success for leverage in politics, and vice versa.

Strong started in the oil business in the 1950s. He took over and turned around some small ailing energy companies in the 1960s, and he was president of a major holding company—the Power Corporation of Canada—by the age of 35. This was success by any standard. Yet on more than one occasion (including once in *Who's Who*), Strong has been caught exaggerating. He claimed, for instance, to have forfeited a $200,000 salary when he left Power. The real figure, said a company officer, was $35,000. Why this myth-making? Well, a CEO is just a CEO—but a whiz-kid is a potential cabinet officer.

And it is in politics that Strong's talents really shine. He is the Michelangelo of networking. He early made friends in high places in Canada's Liberal Party—including Paul

ILLUSTRATION BY THOMAS A. GIESEKE

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Martin Sr., Canada's external-affairs minister in the Sixties —and kept them as business partners in oil and real-estate ventures. He cultivated bright well-connected young people—like Paul Martin Jr., Canada's present finance minister and the smart money's bet to succeed Jean Chrétien as prime minister—and salted them throughout his various political and business networks to form a virtual private intelligence service. And he always seemed to know what the next political trend would be—foreign aid, Canadian economic nationalism, environmentalism.

In 1966, by now a Liberal favorite, Strong became head of the Canadian International Development Agency and thus was launched internationally. Impressed by his work at CIDA, UN Secretary General U Thant asked him to organize what became the first Earth Summit—the Stockholm Conference on the Human Environment in 1972. The next year, Strong became first director of the new UN Environment Program, created as a result of Stockholm. And in 1975, he was invited back to Canada to run the semi-national Petro-Canada, created by Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau in the wake of OPEC's oil shocks.

Petro-Canada was a sop to Canada's anti-American Left, then denouncing American ownership of the country's oil companies. Strong talked a good economic-nationalist game—but he himself was a major reason why Canada's oil companies were U.S.-owned. Ten years before, while at Power Corporation, he had enabled Shell to take over the only remaining all-Canadian oil company by throwing a controlling block of shares in its direction. As *Macleans* wrote, he now returned "amid fanfares" to rectify this.

After a couple of years, Strong left Petro-Canada for various business deals, including one with Adnan Khashoggi through which he ended up owning the 200,000-acre Baca ranch in Colorado, now a "New Age" center run by his wife, Hanne. (Among the seekers at Baca are Zen and Tibetan Buddhist monks, a breakaway order of Carmelite nuns, and followers of a Hindu guru called Babaji.) Not for long the joys of contemplation, however. In 1985, he was back as executive coordinator of the UN Office for Emergency Operations in Africa, in charge of running the $3.5-billion famine-relief effort in Somalia and Ethiopia. And in 1989, he was appointed Secretary General of the Earth Summit—shortly thereafter flying down to Rio.

Strong's flexibility, however, must not be mistaken for open-mindedness. His friends, his allies among Canadian Liberals, his networks in the UN and the Third World, even his long-term business partners (like the late Paul Nathanson, wartime treasurer of the Canadian-Soviet Friendship Committee) all lean Left. He has said the Depression left him "frankly very radical." And given his ability to get things done, the consistency of his support for a world managed by bureaucrats is alarming. As Elaine Dewar wrote in Toronto's *Saturday Night* magazine:

> It is instructive to read Strong's 1972 Stockholm speech and compare it with the issues of Earth Summit 1992. Strong warned urgently about global warming, the devastation of forests, the loss of biodiversity, polluted oceans, the population time bomb. Then as now, he invited to the conference the brand-new environmental NGOs [non-governmental organizations]: he gave them money to come; they were invited to raise hell at home. After Stockholm, environment issues became part of the administrative framework in Canada, the U.S., Britain, and Europe.

IN the meantime, Strong continued the international networking on which his influence rests. He became a member of the World Commission on Environment and Development (the Brundtland Commission). He found time to serve as president of the World Federation of United Nations Associations, on the executive committee of the Society for International Development, and as an advisor to the Rockefeller Foundation and the World Wildlife Fund. Above all, he served on the Commission on Global Governance—which, as we shall see, plays a crucial part in the international power grab.

Sometimes, indeed, it seems that Strong's network of contacts must rival the Internet. To list a few:

—Vice President Al Gore. (Of course.)

—World Bank President James Wolfensohn, formerly on the Rockefeller Foundation Board and currently on the Population Council Board; he was Al Gore's favored candidate for the World Bank position.

—James Gustave Speth, head of the Carter Administration's Council on Environmental Quality, crafter of the doomladen Global 2000 report, member of the Clinton–Gore transition team; he now heads the UN Development Program.

—Shridath Ramphal, formerly Secretary General of the (British) Commonwealth, now Co-Chairman of the Commission on Global Governance.

—Jonathan Lash, President of the World Resources Institute—which works closely with the World Bank, the UN Environment Program, and the UN Development Program—and Co-Chairman of the President's Council on Sustainable Development.

—Ingvar Carlsson, former Swedish prime minister and Co-Chairman of the Commission on Global Governance.

But Strong is no snob; he even counts Republican Presidents among his friends. Elaine Dewar again:

> Strong blurted out that he'd almost been shut out of the Earth Summit by people at the State Department. They had been overruled by the White House because George Bush knew him. He said that he'd donated some $100,000 to the Democrats and a slightly lesser amount to the Republicans in 1988. (The Republicans didn't confirm.)
>
> I had been absolutely astonished. I mean yes, he had done a great deal of business in the U.S., but how could he have managed such contributions?
>
> Well, he'd had a green card. The governor of Colorado had suggested it to him. A lawyer in Denver had told him how.
>
> But why? I'd asked.
>
> "Because I wanted influence in the United States."

So Strong gave political contributions (of dubious legality) to both parties; George Bush, now a friend, intervened to help him stay in charge of the Rio conference; he was thereby enabled to set a deep green agenda there; and Bush took a political hit in an election year. An instructive tale—if it is not part of Strong's mythmaking.

Most of Strong's friends are more obviously compatible, which may explain why they tend to overlap in their insti-

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tutional commitments. For example, James Wolfensohn (whom Strong had hired out of Harvard in the early Sixties to run an Australian subsidiary of one of his companies) appointed him as his senior advisor almost immediately upon being named chairman of the World Bank. "I'd been involved in . . . Stockholm, which Maurice Strong arranged," says Wolfensohn, who, more recently, has been credited with co-drafting (with Mikhail Gorbachev) the Earth Charter presented for consideration at the Rio + 5 meeting in Brazil earlier this year. As head of the Earth Council, Maurice Strong chaired that meeting.

It's not a conspiracy, of course: just a group of like-minded people fighting to save the world from less prescient and more selfish forces—namely, market forces.

It's not a conspiracy, of course: just a group of like-minded people fighting to save the world from less prescient and more selfish forces—namely, market forces. And though the crises change—World War II in the Forties, fear of the atom bomb in the Fifties, the "energy crisis" in the Seventies—the Left's remedy is always the same: a greater role for international agencies. Today an allegedly looming global environmental catastrophe is behind their efforts to increase the power of the UN. Strong has warned memorably: "If we don't change, our species will not survive. . . . Frankly, we may get to the point where the only way of saving the world will be for industrial civilization to collapse." Apocalypse soon—unless international bodies save us from ourselves.

LAST week, Secretary General Annan unveiled Maurice Strong's plan for reorganizing the UN. To be sure, the notoriously corrupt and inefficient UN bureaucracy could do with some shaking up. Strong's plan, however, mostly points in a different direction—one drawn from a document, *Our Global Neighborhood*, devised by the interestingly named Commission on Global Governance.

The CGG was established in 1992, after Rio, at the suggestion of Willy Brandt, former West German chancellor and head of the Socialist International. Then Secretary General Boutros Boutros-Ghali endorsed it. The CGG naturally denies advocating the sort of thing that fuels militia nightmares. "We are not proposing movement toward a world government," reassuringly write Co-Chairmen Ingvar Carlsson and Shridath Ramphal, ". . . [but] this is not to say that the goal should be a world without systems or rules." Quite so. As Hofstra University law professor Peter Spiro describes it: "The aim is not a superstate but rather the establishment of norm-creating multilateral regimes . . . This construct already constrains state action in the context of human rights and environmental protection and is on a springboard in other areas."

The concept of global governance has been fermenting for some time. In 1991, the Club of Rome (of which Strong is, of course, a member) issued a report called *The First Global Revolution*, which asserted that current problems "are essentially global and cannot be solved through individual country initiatives [which] gives a greatly enhanced importance to the United Nations and other international systems." Also in 1991 Strong claimed that the Earth Summit, of which he was Secretary General, would play an important role in "reforming and strengthening the United Nations as the centerpiece of the emerging system of democratic global governance." In 1995, in *Our Global Neighborhood*, the CGG agreed: "It is our firm conclusion that the United Nations must continue to play a central role in global governance."

Americans should be worried by the Commission's recommendations: for instance, that some UN activities be funded through taxes on foreign-exchange transactions and multinational corporations. Economist James Tobin estimates that a 0.5 per cent tax on foreign-exchange transactions would raise $1.5 trillion annually—nearly equivalent to the U.S. federal budget.

It also recommended that "user fees" might be imposed on companies operating in the "global commons." Such fees might be collected on international airline tickets, ocean shipping, deep-sea fishing, activities in Antarctica, geostationary satellite orbits, and electromagnetic spectrum. But the big enchilada is carbon taxes, which would be levied on all fuels made from coal, oil, and natural gas. "A carbon tax," the report deadpans, ". . . would yield very large revenues indeed." Given the UN's record of empire-building and corruption, Cato's Ted Carpenter warns: "One can only imagine the degree of mischief it could get into if it had independent sources of revenue."

Especially significant for the U.S. was the CGG's proposal for eventual elimination of the veto held by the five permanent members of the UN Security Council. The Commission knew that the current permanent members of the Security Council, including the U.S., would not easily surrender their vetoes, and so it recommended a two-stage process.

In the first stage, five new permanent members (without a veto) would be added to the Security Council—probably Japan, Germany, Brazil, India, and Nigeria—along with three new slots for non-permanent members. But the real threat to U.S. interests is the second stage: "a full review of the membership of the Council . . . around 2005, when the veto can be phased out."

These plans are advancing. In March, the president of the UN General Assembly, Razali Ismail of Malayasia, unveiled his own formula for reforming the Security Council. It closely tracks the CGG's proposals. In particular, Razali proposed "urg[ing] the original permanent members to limit use of the veto . . . and not to extend [it] to new permanent members." He wanted to make the veto "progressively and politically untenable" and recommended that these arrangements be reviewed in ten years.

In July the State Department compromised—accepting five new Security Council members but remaining silent on the veto. It plainly hopes that the veto issue will go away if the U.S. concedes on enlarging the Council. Yet the CGG's report makes clear that we are facing a rolling agenda to expand the power of UN bureaucrats. The veto issue may be postponed for ten years—but what then?

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"This is an initiative that should be resisted by the United States with special vehemence," says Ted Carpenter. For if the veto were eliminated, the United States would face the prospect of having other countries make key determinations that affect us without our consent.

THE Commission also wants to strengthen "global civil society," which, it explains, "is best expressed in the global non-governmental movement." Today, there are nearly 15,000 NGOs. More than 1,200 of them have consultative status with the UN's Economic and Social Council (up from 41 in 1948). The CGG wants NGOs to be brought formally into the UN system (no wonder Kenneth Minogue calls this Acronymia). So it proposes that representatives of such organizations be accredited to the General Assembly as "Civil Society Organizations" and convened in an annual Forum of Civil Society.

But how would these representatives be selected? This June, the General Assembly held a session on environmental issues called Earth Summit +5. President Razali selected a number of representatives from the NGOs and the private sector for the exclusive privilege of speaking in the plenary sessions. "I have gone to a lot of trouble with this, choosing the right NGOs," he declared. So whom did he choose?

Among others: Thilo Bode, executive director of Greenpeace, to represent the scientific and technological community; Yolanda Kakabadse, the president of the International Union for the Conservation of Nature; and "from the farmers, I have chosen an organic farmer, Denise O'Brien from the United States, who is a member of the Via Campesina." In what sense are these people "representative"? Whom do they represent? Were the head of the U.S. Chamber of Commerce, the chairman of Toshiba, and the president of the Farm Bureau all too busy to come talk to the General Assembly?

Another example of how this selection process operates was the "great civil society forum" convened at the behest of Strong's Earth Council and Mikhail Gorbachev's Green Cross International this past March. Some five hundred delegates met, supposedly to assess the results of the Earth Summit, but in reality to condemn the "inaction" of signatory countries in implementing the Rio treaties. The delegates were selected through a process based on national councils for sustainable development, themselves set up pursuant to the Earth Summit. Membership in these councils means that an organization is already persuaded of the global environmental crisis. So you can bet that the process did not yield many delegates representing business or advocating limits on government power.

This kind of international gabfest is, of course, a sinister parody of democracy. "Very few of even the larger international NGOs are operationally democratic, in the sense that members elect officers or direct policy on particular issues," notes Peter Spiro. "Arguably it is more often money than membership that determines influence, and money more often represents the support of centralized elites, such as major foundations, than of the grass roots." (The CGG has benefited substantially from the largesse of the MacArthur, Carnegie, and Ford Foundations.)

Hilary French, Vice President of the alarmist Worldwatch Institute, justifies this revealingly as "a paradox of our time . . . that effective governance requires control being simultaneously passed down to local communities and up to international institutions." Paradoxically or not, the voters hardly appear in this model of governance. It bypasses national governments and representative democracy in order to empower the sort of people who are willing to sit in committee meetings to the bitter end. Those who have better things to do—businessmen, workers, moms—would be the losers in the type of centralized decentralization envisioned by Worldwatch. The result would be decisions reached by self-selecting elites. In domestic politics, we have a name for such elite groups—special interests.

ANOTHER CGG recommendation is that the old UN Trusteeship Council "be given a new mandate over the global commons." It defines the global commons to include the atmosphere, outer space, the oceans beyond national jurisdiction, and the related environmental systems that contribute to the support of human life. A new Trusteeship Council would oversee "the management of the commons, including development and use of their resources . . . [and] the administration of environmental treaties in such fields as climate change, biodiversity, outer space, and the Law of the Sea."

It is hard to see what this expansive definition would *exclude* from the jurisdiction of the Trusteeship Council. Biodiversity encompasses all the plants and animals on the earth, including those that live in your backyard. Will UN troops swoop in to stop you from cutting down trees on your property? Doubtless not. But a recent case near Yellowstone National Park may be a foretaste of how international agencies can meddle in U.S. domestic affairs.

Yellowstone has been designated a "World Heritage Site." These Sites are natural settings or cultural monuments recognized by the World Heritage Committee of the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization (UNESCO) as having "outstanding universal value." Sites are designated under a Convention ratified by the U.S. Senate in 1973, and it is possible to place such sites on a "List of World Heritage Sites in Danger."

In this case, a mining company wanted to construct a gold mine *outside* the boundaries of Yellowstone. The normal environmental review of the project's impact was still proceeding under U.S. law. But a group of environmentalist NGOs opposed to the mine were not content to wait for that review to take its course. They asked that members of the World Heritage Committee come to Yellowstone to hold public hearings. George Frampton, the Clinton Administration's Assistant Secretary of the Interior for Fish, Wildlife, and Parks, wrote to the WHC saying: "The Secretary [Bruce Babbitt] and the National Park Service have clearly expressed strong reservations with the New World Mine proposal." Frampton added: "We believe that a potential danger to the values of the Park and surrounding waters and fisheries exists and that the committee should be informed that the property as inscribed on the . . . List is in danger." Four officials of the WHC duly came to Yellowstone and held hearings. And at its December 1995

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meeting in Berlin, the Committee obligingly voted to list Yellowstone as a "World Heritage Site in Danger."

"It was, in my opinion, a blatantly political act," declared Rep. Barbara Cubin (R., Wyo.) during congressional hearings about the listing. "It was done to draw attention, public reaction, public response, and public pressure to see that the mine wasn't developed." Jeremy Rabkin, a Cornell political scientist, agrees that the international listing of such sites "provides an international forum through which to put pressure on U.S. policy."

Would the mine really have endangered Yellowstone? We'll never know. The environmental-impact statement was never issued, and, under pressure, the mining company accepted a $65-million federal buyout plus a trade for unspecified federal lands somewhere else. Thus, even with no enforcement power, this UN dependency was able to make land-use policy for the United States.

These events prompted Rep. Don Young (R., Alaska) to introduce the American Land Sovereignty Act. With 174 co-sponsors to date, the Act aims to "preserve sovereignty of the United States over public lands and . . . to preserve State sovereignty and private property rights in non-federal lands surrounding those public lands." Congress would have to approve on a case-by-case basis land designations made pursuant to any international agreements.

But is U.S. sovereignty really in danger? In an interview, Strong dismissed Young's anxieties. "I do not share his concern. It is no abdication of sovereignty to exercise it in company with others, and when you're dealing with global issues that's what you have to do." He continues: "If you put yourself in a larger unit, of course, you get some advantages and you give up some of your freedom. And that's what's happening in Europe, that the states of Europe have decided that overall they're better off to create a structure in which they give up some of their national rights and exercise them collectively through the Union."

This example of the European Union, however, worries Ambassador Lichenstein. The EU's bureaucracy in Brussels, he complains, "is responsible to no one. Governments get together—foreign ministers, finance ministers—they presumably hand down the guidelines, but don't kid yourself, the bureaucrats are running things."

The Yellowstone case is an example of how "feel-good" symbolism about the environment can be transformed into real constraints upon real people imposed outside the law, with no democratic oversight and no means of redress. Ironically, Strong himself had a run-in with Colorado environmentalists over local water rights. They did not have the wit to call in an international agency against the New Age rancher—or maybe they realized that Strong was one property owner whose rights the UN would respect.

AS troubling as the Yellowstone incident is, much greater potential for mischief lies in a new series of "framework treaties" designed to handle global environmental issues. Initially, the treaties called for voluntary actions by governments and set up a consultative process. But environmental activists like Hilary French know very well how this process works. "Even though it can look disappointing, the political will created [by these framework conventions] can lead to commitments of a more binding nature," she said. This is already happening.

"Although its declaration of principles was transparently aspirational, the 1972 Stockholm world conference on the human environment is generally recognized as a turning point in international environmental-protection efforts," wrote Peter Spiro. "From it emerged a standing institution (the UN Environment Program); weak but more focused 'framework' treaties followed, which in turn are being filled out by specific regulatory regimes. The 1985 Vienna Convention on the Protection of the Ozone Layer itself included no obligations, but the 1987 Montreal protocols and subsequent amendments set a full phaseout of chlorofluo-

Even with no enforcement power, the World Heritage Committee of UNESCO was able to make land-use policy for the United States.

rocarbons (CFCs) and other ozone-depleting substances by 1996. The regime covers 132 signatories with a total population of 4.7 billion people. Between 1987 and 1991, global CFC consumption was in fact reduced by half. A similar filling-out process is likely to occur with the biodiversity and climate-change conventions signed at Rio."

The "conventions" that Spiro was talking about emerged from the Earth Summit chaired by Maurice Strong. They deal with two of the alleged global environmental crises—global warming and species extinction.

At the time of the Earth Summit, some scientists predicted on the basis of climate computer models that the earth's average temperature would increase by 4 to 9 degrees Fahrenheit over the next century because of the "greenhouse effect." These predictions are controversial among scientists. And as the computer models are refined, they show that the atmosphere will warm far less than originally predicted. Furthermore, more accurate satellite measurements show no increase in the average global temperature over the last two decades. Finally, an important study published in *Nature* concluded that even if the warming predictions are right, it could well be less costly to allow greenhouse gas emissions to continue to rise for a decade or more because technological innovations and judicious capital investment will make it possible to reduce them far more cheaply at some point before they become a significant problem. In other words, we needn't take drastic and costly action now.

The process forges ahead anyway. The Framework Convention on Global Climate Change signed by President George Bush at the Rio Earth Summit is already beginning to harden. Initially, countries were supposed voluntarily to reduce by the year 2000 the "greenhouse gases" to the level emitted in 1990. Then, a year ago, at a UN climate-change meeting in Geneva, the Clinton Administration offered to set *legally binding* limits on the greenhouse gases the United States can emit. In June of this year, at the UN's Earth Summit +5 session, President Clinton reaffirmed this commitment. And mandatory limits on carbon emissions are to

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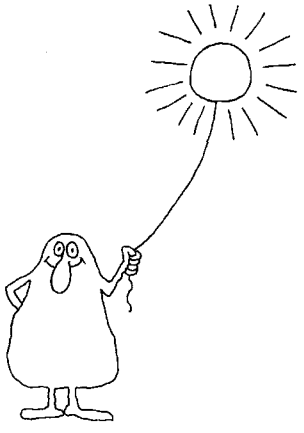
be finalized at a global meeting of Convention signatories in Kyoto this December.

Estimates of the costs to the United States of cutting emissions range from $90 billion to $400 billion annually in lost Gross Domestic Product and a loss of between 600,000 and 3.5 million jobs. Global costs would be proportionately higher.

Yet while the U.S. may be committing itself to limits, 130 developing nations, including China and India, are excluded under the Framework Convention from having to reduce their emissions, which, on present trends, will outstrip those of the industrialized world early in the next century. If the U.S. and other industrial countries have to limit energy use while the Third World is exempt, many industries will simply decamp to where energy prices are significantly lower.

If they are permitted to do so. For, as Sen. Chuck Hagel (R., Neb.) asked at a conference on "The Costs of Kyoto" held by the Competitive Enterprise Institute: "Who will administer a global climate treaty? . . . Will we have an international agency capable of inspecting, fining, and possibly shutting down American companies?" Sen. Hagel is not alone is his concern. In July the U.S. Senate passed 95 to 0 a resolution urging the Clinton Administration not to make binding concessions at the Kyoto conference.

But the climate-change treaty is not the only threat to U.S. interests. Though Mr. Bush refused to sign the Bio-diversity Convention at the Rio Earth Summit—chaired, remember, by GOP contributor Strong—that only delayed things. The Clinton Administration signed shortly after its inauguration. Since the treaty obliges signatories to protect plant and animal species through habitat preservation, its implementation could make the World Heritage Committee's activities on U.S. land use seem penny-ante by comparison.



MEANWHILE, how much further down the path sketched out by the CGG will the UN reforms developed by Maurice Strong and announced by Kofi Annan last week take us?

The most important initiative is the recommendation that the General Assembly organize a "Millennium Assembly" and a companion "People's Assembly" in the year 2000. (The "People's Assembly" mirrors the CGG's "Civil Society Forum" idea—among other things, only accredited NGOs would be invited to advise the General Assembly.) But what would these grand new bodies actually do? The Millennium Assembly would invite "heads of Government . . . to articulate their vision of prospects and challenges for the new millennium *and agree on a process for fundamental review of the role of the United Nations* [emphasis added]." That last innocuous phrase is diplomatese for opening up the UN Charter for amendment. If that happens, so could anything—notably eliminating the veto in the Security Council.

The Millennium Assembly would also consider adopting Strong's Earth Charter. For the most part the Charter reads like another feel-good document—its draft says that "we must reinvent industrial-technological civilization" and promises everybody a clean environment, equitable incomes, and an end to cruelty to animals—but we have seen how such vacuous symbolism can have real consequences down the line. Inevitably, the Charter advocates that "the nations of the world should adopt as a first step an international convention that provides an integrated legal framework for existing and future environmental and sustainable-development law and policy." This is, of course, a charter for endless intervention in the internal affairs of independent states.

Which leaves *external* affairs. Hey presto! In line with the CGG's plan, Annan/Strong urge that the UN Trusteeship Council "be reconstituted as the forum through which member states exercise their collective trusteeship for the integrity of the global environment and common areas such as the oceans, atmosphere, and outer space."

For the time being, however, Annan and Strong have avoided calling for global taxes or user fees to finance the UN. One spokesman said that the issue was simply "too hot to handle right now." What they propose is a Revolving Credit Fund of $1 billion so that the UN will have a source of operating funds even if a major contributor (e.g., the U.S.) withholds contributions for a time.

In short, the CGG's blueprint for a more powerful UN closely resembles the movement to expand the requirements of the Framework Convention on Global Climate Change. While the process may be piecemeal, the goal is clear: a more powerful set of international institutions, increasingly emancipated from the control of the major powers, increasingly accountable not to representative democratic institutions but to unelected bureaucracies, and increasingly exercising authority over how people, companies, and governments run their affairs—not just Americans, but everyone. In short, Col. Qaddafi's definition of his leftist Green Revolution: "Committees Everywhere."

If so, the future looks good for Maurice Strong. One UN source suggested that, at the very least, he would like to be made Secretary General of the Millennium Assembly or the People's Assembly. Others suspect that, even at age 68, Strong is angling to be the next UN Secretary General.

Such eminence may help explain a puzzling incident in his early career. Having long had political ambitions, he decided to enter the Canadian Parliament. A candidate was evicted from a safe constituency by the Liberal leadership, and Strong moved in. Then, with only a month to go before the 1979 election, he suddenly pulled out of the race. Strong's business deals were especially complicated at the time—he was setting up a Swiss oil-and-gas exploration company with partners that included the Kuwaiti Finance Minister and the Arab Petroleum Investment Corporation—and that is the explanation usually given. But maybe he just decided that for a man who wants power, elections are an unnecessary obstacle. □

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THE NEW CLASS

Reinventing Socialism

The triumph of neosocialism is the defining characteristic of politics today.

RUPERT MURDOCH

THE 1990s increasingly reminds me of the 1890s—that decade, exactly one hundred years ago, when Joseph Pulitzer was directing the *New York World* from his yacht and Lord Northcliffe was founding the *Daily Mail*. That, too, was an era of new technology and new markets when peace seemed universal and everything seemed possible. The French still call it la Belle Epoque.

That world was mostly divided between the great European powers. But they were, after all, liberal powers. They generally operated according to a rule of law, certainly more so than most of their subjects had seen before—or, in all too many cases, have seen since.

The other day, someone showed me this quotation from a book called *The History of the Freedom of Thought* by the great Cambridge historian J. B. Bury, published at the tail end of that era, in 1913: "The struggle of reason against authority has ended in what appears to be a decisive and permanent victory for liberty."

Sound familiar? How about this?

"Less than 75 years after it officially began, the contest between socialism and capitalism is over: capitalism has won." That's from Robert Heilbroner, the author and economist at New York's New School, writing in *The New Yorker* in 1989.

Or this?

"The century that began full of self-confidence in the ultimate triumph of Western liberal democracy seems at its close to be returning full circle to where it started: not to an 'end of ideology' or a convergence between capitalism and socialism, as earlier predicted, but to an unabashed victory of economic and political liberalism. The triumph of the West, of the Western idea, is evident first of all in the total exhaustion of viable systematic alternatives to Western liberalism." That comes from Francis Fukuyama's much-discussed essay "The End of History."

The note of liberal capitalist triumphalism is identical in all three quotations. And, frankly, it's chilling. Because look what happened last time.

In 1914, the year after Bury's book appeared, the First World War broke out in Europe. It was followed by the Russian Revolution, the invention of totalitarianism, Hitler's rise to power, the Second World War, the Cold War, the Chinese Cultural Revolution—all this entailing tens of millions of deaths.

Let's be clear about this. The first half of this century at least, was an unspeakable tragedy.

We naturally hope that today's liberal capitalist triumphalists are right. Indeed, many of us have contributed to that triumphalism. But you have to wonder. Could anything unforeseen, unexpected, be coming at us today?

Caspar Weinberger's book *The Next War*, published last year, sketched out several alarming scenarios for a sudden collapse in world order over the next few years. Some of these scenarios are triggered by rogue countries that acquire nuclear weapons. But all of them are made possible by an American military and intelligence build-down that is, of course, already under way.

It is easy enough to shrug off this sort of exercise as far-fetched and alarmist. But, of course, practically no one in 1913 had heard of Sarajevo—or would have thought that a political murder there could plunge the world into fifty years of devastation.

(Incidentally, a foreign-policy scenario that everyone *does* seem to have heard of is the idea that China is going to be our enemy in the twenty-first century. To be sure, it is theoretically possible that any two countries might come into conflict. But it seems to me that to have a serious rivalry, you have to have serious, ineluctable conflicts of interest. Where are these ineluctable conflicts of interest with the Chinese? Are they showing any real interest in the world beyond their immediate environs—other than to trade with it?

Mr. Murdoch is chairman and CEO of News Corp. This article is adapted from a speech for a recent Forbes *CEO conference.*

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Not that trade will solve everything. It was President Reagan's military build-up, rather than President Ford's détente, that broke the will of the Soviet Union. But China is not the Soviet Union. It is not the country that went into Czechoslovakia, Afghanistan, and Angola, that built a worldwide navy, that strove for nuclear parity.

So I say, give trade a chance and give the Chinese credit for the almost unimaginable progress they have made in the last twenty years.)

NO, the danger that I want to discuss is not external, not foreign, and not military. It is operating within our own societies, right under our noses. Let me put it in this way: If socialism is dead, why won't it lie down?

Or, in terms of my own petty preoccupations: If we're living in such a paradise of free enterprise, why can't I get my Fox TV news service onto more American cable systems and compete?

Well, the answer in both cases is the same. Socialism is not dead, but alive and well and living in the regulatory agencies. It is because of regulation—and the monopolies and oligopolies it inevitably fosters—that there are such formidable barriers to entry in the TV news business.

The classical definition of socialism, of course, is that contained in clause four of the old British Labour Party's constitution: public ownership of the means of production, distribution, and exchange. Socialism in that sense *is* dead. No one talks about nationalizing industries any more.

But then no one *has* to nationalize industries—because the extraordinary growth of regulation has given effective control of them to the government without its having to assume the hassle of ownership. Socialism has effectively reinvented itself. We can call it "Neosocialism." And it's right here.

Anyone who owns or manages a business must be aware of this neosocialism. They find hiring, firing, buying, selling, just trying to operate, vastly more complicated than they were fifteen or twenty years ago.

We can even see it in our hobbies. I have been involved in a small way with ranching cattle virtually all my adult life, first in Australia and now also in California. In that time, the change in what you can do and what you can't do has been simply extraordinary—whether it is digging a well or trying to get rid of a gopher. Farmers, whether they be in the United States, Europe, or Australia, now spend a day a week in their offices filling in forms.

Farmers in the U.S. are now outnumbered by employees of the Department of Agriculture. (Sure, they have computers to help them cope. But are they any further *ahead*? And are we as a society further ahead? Maybe this is part of the answer to the Great Computer Conundrum that you hear economists discussing: why the spread of computers does not seem to have increased service-sector productivity very much.)

Here in the U.S., of course, we have a characteristically American touch: regulation through litigation. Trial lawyers (with a little help from the way legislators write the laws) become in effect private vigilantes, enforcing neosocialist writ. It takes a lawyer—a whole village of lawyers—to create the ludicrous situations we now see in employment law.

For example: "In January, a former truck driver for Ryder Systems Inc. won a $5.5-million jury verdict after claiming under the Americans with Disabilities Act that Ryder unfairly removed him from his position after he suffered an epileptic seizure, saying that his health condition could be a safety hazard. During the time he was blocked from his job at Ryder, the driver was hired by another firm, had a seizure behind the wheel, and crashed into a tree."

(I am not making this up. It was a front-page story in the *Washington Post* on April 8 of this year.)

Maybe 30 or 40 per cent of that $5.5 million will go to the lawyers in expenses and contingent fees. So the profit motive is in good shape, but private enterprise less so.

Why do we hear so little about this surging neosocialism? One reason is that it is quite new. The regulatory revolution in the United States really only began in the 1960s. Many people now prominent in the media and public life were already adults when it started. Yet it may take a new generation to discern the pattern beneath a phenomenon as important as neosocialism.

Socialism was advanced the first time under the banner of efficiency. It was supposed to be scientific. Planning was supposed to be rational. The waste of capitalism—epitomized by the Great Depression—was to be eliminated.

Today, neosocialism is being advanced, under the banner not of efficiency, but of equity. It is supposed to make things fairer, more just, according to some non-economic scheme of values, as in the case of the environment. And this turns out to be an argument that is very difficult to resist.

The common thread, of course, is that the government still gets to tell the rest of us what to do. It has just changed its rationale and wrapped itself in a new all-embracing doctrine of political correctness. But it still asserts that individuals cannot be relied on to make their own decisions. Or as Chairman Mao said, "Put politics in command."

What is the underlying pattern behind this neosocialism?

It seems to me that the central sociological fact about modern societies is the rise of what Irving Kristol has called "the New Class"—that group that makes its living from running the government and its ancillary manifestations. In Kristol's view, the New Class includes career professional politicians, who are a relatively recent development in democracies. It includes the government bureaucracy, which in most countries is now large enough to constitute a special-interest group of its own . . . perhaps the largest group of all.

Socialism is not dead, but alive and well and living in the regulatory agencies.

(For the record, there were more people employed in the federal regulatory apparatus at the end of President Bush's term than at the end of President Carter's. President Reagan's efforts had simply been erased. Today, of course, the number is higher.)

The New Class also extends to most of the educational establishment, which is in the business of extracting tax money from the rest of us. It has a strategic alliance with groups like the trial bar and other lawyers, who need legislative support and patronage. And it embraces members of the media, both for cultural reasons and because there is a constant interchange of personnel.

Significantly, the New Class is beginning to be noticed as the force behind neosocialism. There is a phenomenon in

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the history of science called synchronicity in which several researchers independently stumble on a new discovery. I have cited Irving Kristol already. Also, while I was writing this, John O'Sullivan in NATIONAL REVIEW [April 21, 1997] explained the GOP's current troubles as a result of its servitude to New Class orthodoxy. Synchronicity is usually a sign that the discoverers are really onto something—like seconding a motion.

HOW does the New Class get its way? Sometimes you see the groups making it up acting together dramatically. For example, the two main funders of the so-called Taxpayers Against 187, which tried to stop Californians from voting to deny illegal immigrants certain government benefits, were the California Teachers Association and the California Public Employees Union. To both unions, of course, illegal immigrants mean more clients—and more reasons to demand more money from taxpayers.

They lost in the ballot box. Significantly, though, Prop. 187 has since been tied up in the courts. Whatever you think of the measure itself, that is a striking expression of the government's (and the New Class's) power to frustrate the popular will.

It is the self-interest of this bureaucratic class that drives neosocialism. These are the people who benefit from proliferating regulations because they administer them. They want to see the nanny state, because they are the nannies. They want to see "politics in command," because they are the commanders—elected and unelected.

If we had been having this conversation in the 1890s, we would probably have been talking about the Rise of the Proletariat, the labor unions, and the Socialist parties. Today, the rise of the New Class is just as ominous. As in the 1890s, we don't really know where it will take us. But we can see reason for real concern.

To begin with, the New Class is an international phenomenon. Take the European Union—this is a quintessential New Class creation. It is basically a supra-national bureaucracy built above the heads of the national legislatures. It is constantly having to circumvent national insurrections. But its impact on everyday life in those national communities is tremendous through ubiquitous and detailed regulation.

For example, EU regulations dictate that British farmers not allow their fields to be used as parking lots for country fairs because land "set aside" under an EU program to reduce production cannot be used for commercial purposes. This applies even if the car park is free.

British commercial growers of oak—a patriotic symbol in England—can't use British acorns because Brussels says they're not pure enough. Caerphilly cheese is no longer made in Caerphilly because EU rules required uneconomic production changes. It is illegal to sell small Cox's orange pippin apples—Britain's most famous apple—because EU regulations require apples to be more than 55 millimeters in diameter.

All Wellington boots sold in Britain must come with a user's manual which includes this advice: "Each boot should be tried for fitting before use."

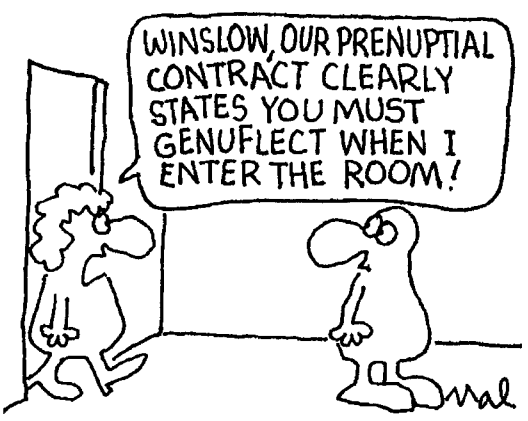
Now, 18,000 European Union officials spend their time on this sort of invasive nonsense. They, incidentally, were not tried for fitting before use.

The New Class is also a party political phenomenon. Many commentators are puzzled by the success of Center–Left parties—in Britain, the United States, Canada—at a time when capitalism was supposed to have triumphed. Well, one answer is that capitalism has not triumphed. Neosocialism is triumphing. And the parties that are most firmly based on the new social force that underlies it are reaping the benefits.

In fact, one of the interesting things about recent politics is how completely the traditional parties of the Center–Right—which are also, after all, run by professional politicians—have been subverted by the New Class and its values.

George Bush, who used to say, "I'm a government guy," presided over a vast rebound in regulation.

I guess he wasn't joking.



In Britain you see the utter inability of the Conservative Party, at least until now, to handle the gulf between the grass roots' and the elite's views of the European Union.

Some of you may have noticed that our London *Sun* endorsed the Labour Party in the recent election. One reason is that Prime Minister Tony Blair is a much-needed new broom. The Blair party repositioned itself brilliantly as the voice not of the old working class, but of the frustrated lower middle class which Margaret Thatcher had captured and John Major abandoned. The Conservative government was simply not giving us—and more to the point our readers—much to get excited about.

What, then, is to be done?

The current situation is not particularly stable. Neosocialism is prone to economic breakdown, just as the old model was. It confronts an inexorable reality. If the farmer is filling out forms, he cannot be raising cattle—let alone getting rid of gophers.

For another thing, there are obvious signs that New Class monopolization of politics causes the party structure to break down, as people look for new vehicles to express their discontents. New parties are making waves in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Austria, Italy, and France. In Britain—unnoticed over here, and indeed over there amid the carnage of the last election—a small anti–European Union party cost the Conservatives perhaps twenty seats. And in the U.S., of course, we have seen Ross Perot.

Not all these parties will amount to anything, and no doubt some are led by undesirables of one type or another. But, as a head of a mass-media business, I tell you: something is stirring out there.

Still—what is to be done?

Let me put it this way. As a boy in Australia during World War II, I dimly remember the headlines about the fall of Singapore where the great guns notoriously faced out to sea. Nobody had ever imagined an attack could come overland. Nobody imagined this new neosocialist attack on life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, either.

Let me suggest that, as a first step, all of us who believe in private enterprise and individual responsibility make sure our guns are facing the right way. □

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Envious Positions

What do class-warriors really think? Take the class-warfare quiz and find out.

STEPHEN MOORE

CLASS warfare reared its ugly head again in Washington this summer. House Minority Leader Richard Gephardt, long the chairman of the greed-and-envy caucus in Congress, continues to refer to the most affluent and successful Americans as having "won the lottery of life." Gephardt unmercifully savaged the GOP tax-cut plan as a "windfall for the well-off." The White House enthusiastically joined the class-warfare assault. Before the budget compromise, President Clinton complained that the GOP tax plan was "unfair" because "two-thirds of the economic benefits go to the richest 20 per cent" of Americans.

The rich-baiting message showed signs of resonating with voters. A July *USA Today* poll found that a majority of Americans think the GOP tax cuts were weighted too heavily in favor of the wealthy—even though three-quarters of the savings are directed to families with incomes below $75,000.

The media have been dutifully spreading the class-envy message. A series of front-page stories in the *New York Times* earlier this year shouted that many of the richest Americans are getting away with paying close to no taxes. The *Philadelphia Inquirer* alleges that the rich are hoarding America's wealth at "a faster pace than at any time since the Robber Baron era." Here's how the *Washington Post* summarizes our current plight: "Powerful economic forces are dividing America into separate nations: one inhabited by prosperous economic winners and the other by struggling and increasingly embittered losers."

It all sounds very bleak. But it is also all very exaggerated. Take the class-warfare IQ test below, and you may be pleasantly surprised with the true state of the financial affairs of American families.

Mr. Moore is director of fiscal-policy studies at the Cato Institute.

Class Warfare Quiz

1. The wealthiest 5 per cent of Americans now capture more of the nation's total income than at any time in this century.

_____True _____False

2. A family living at the poverty level in the United States has a higher income than the median family income in how many countries?

a) 0 b) 50 c) 100 d) 150 e) 200

3. What share of total national income is captured by the richest 1 per cent of Americans?

a) Less than 5% of total b) 10% of total c) 15% of total d) 25% of total e) More than 50% of total

4. What share of total federal income taxes is paid by the richest 1 per cent of Americans?

a) Less than 1% b) 2% c) 5% d) 10% e) More than 25%

5. What percentage of American households on welfare own color-television sets?

a) 10% b) 20% c) 50% d) More than 90%

6. Americans with incomes below the median (the bottom 50 per cent) pay what share of federal income taxes?

a) More than 80% b) 50% c) 20% d) 5%

7. Of all the tax filers with capital-gains income in 1994, the percentage with incomes of $50,000 or less was:

a) Less than 5% b) 10% c) 20% d) More than 50%

8. Which of the following nations has the highest capital-gains tax?

a) Canada b) France c) Germany d) Japan e) United States

9. What percentage of American workers were victims of corporate lay-offs last year?

a) 20% b) 10% c) 3% d) 1%

10. The percentage of agricultural subsidies that go to farmers with annual sales of more than $100,000 in 1994 was:

a) 20% b) 40% c) 60% d) 80%

11. In the eight years after the Reagan tax cuts (1981–89), the average real income of low-income households (bottom 20 per cent):

a) Fell by more than 25% b) Fell by 5% c) Remained unchanged d) Grew by more than 5%

12. The average senior citizen today will receive how much more in lifetime Social Security and Medicare benefits than the amount (plus interest) that he and his employers paid in?

a) He gets back only what he and his employers put in b) $50,000 more c) $100,000 more d) $250,000 more e) $500,000 more

13. If the Federal Government confiscated every penny earned each year by every millionaire in the United States, this would raise enough money to run the Federal Government for:

a) 60 years b) 6 years c) 6 months d) 6 weeks e) 6 days

14. If the Federal Government confiscated the net earnings of all the Fortune 500 companies, this would raise enough money to operate the Federal Government for:

a) One full year b) Half a year c) Two months d) One month

15. Of the richest 400 Americans, what percentage inherited their fortune?

a) 75% b) 50% c) 20% e) 10%

16. America's very first income tax in 1913 had a top rate of:

a) 50% b) 20% c) 10% d) Less than 10%

17. From 1980 to 1990, a period when income-tax rates fell from 70 per cent to 28 per cent, total federal tax receipts:

a) Fell by 10% b) Grew by 10% c) Grew by 20% d) Grew by 50% e) Grew by 100%

18. Which was the most expensive war in American history?

a) The Civil War b) WWI c) WWII d) The War on Poverty

19. This year the Federal Government is expected to spend $1.65 trillion. Adjusted for inflation, this is the cumulative total of federal spending over what period?

a) 1789–1850 b) 1789–1900 c) 1789–1940 d) 1789–1990

20. What percentage of total federal revenues comes from the inheritance tax?

a) 1% b) 5% c) 10% d) 20%

(Answers on p. 42)

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1. ***False.*** In 1993, the wealthiest 5 per cent of Americans collected 19 per cent of the nation's total income. In 1930, the top 5 per cent collected 30 per cent. In fact, in every year from 1913 (the earliest year for which data are available) through 1941, the richest 5 per cent had a larger share of total income than they do today.

2. ***d)*** 150 countries. The U.S. poverty level for a one-person household in 1994 was $7,750. This was a higher level than the per capita income in all Third World nations and even in many non-poor countries, including Greece, Saudi Arabia, Brazil, South Africa, and Venezuela.

3. ***c)*** 15 per cent of the total. The richest 1 per cent of households earn roughly one-seventh of the total income.

4. ***e)*** More than 25 per cent. It's a popular myth that the rich don't pay their "fair" share of taxes. They earn 15 per cent of the income and pay 30 per cent of the income taxes.

5. ***d)*** 92 per cent of welfare households in the U.S. own color televisions; 98 per cent own a refrigerator; 68 per cent own a telephone.

6. ***d)*** 5 per cent. The bottom half of income earners bear just 5.2 per cent of the federal income-tax burden, according to the latest IRS statistics. In 1980 the poorest half of Americans paid 7.5 per cent of the taxes.

7. ***d)*** More than 50 per cent. About 56 per cent of the tax returns with capital gains in 1993 were for Americans with incomes of less than $50,000.

8. ***e)*** United States. The capital-gains tax rate is 28 per cent in the U.S., versus 20 per cent in Canada, 16 per cent in France, 0 in Germany, and 20 per cent in Japan.

9. ***c)*** Lay-off victims may get headlines, but they are still relatively rare. Only 3 of 100 workers were laid off from their jobs in 1995, according to the U.S. Bureau of Labor Statistics.

10. ***c)*** 60 per cent. It is a myth that federal farm subsidies provide a safety net to family farms. The bulk of the subsidies are provided to large agribusinesses.

11. ***d)*** Grew by more than 5 per cent. It is a popular myth that in the 1980s the poor got poorer. The lowest fifth in income saw their real incomes rise by 6 per cent from 1981 to 1989. In the 1970s and 1990s, when income-tax rates were rising, the poor suffered a real loss in income.

12. ***d)*** $250,00 more. Social Security and Medicare should not be called "entitlements," because seniors currently receive far more in benefits than what they are "entitled" to.

13. ***d)*** Six weeks. Soaking the rich won't balance the budget. Millionaires earn less than 4 per cent of all taxable earnings in the United States. In 1992 there were just 55,000 millionaires in the U.S.—0.05 per cent of all tax filers.

14. ***c)*** Two months. In 1995 the total profits of the Fortune 500 companies were $244 billion, which would provide enough revenue to operate the government for 58 days.

15. ***c)*** 20 per cent. Only 82 of the Forbes 400 wealthiest Americans inherited their money. Most rich Americans have not "won the lottery of life"; they earned the money they have.

16. ***d)*** Less than 10 per cent. The first income tax in 1913 had a top rate of 7 per cent. A proposed safeguard to the Sixteenth Amendment to prohibit income-tax rates from rising above 10 per cent was defeated on the grounds that no one would ever propose a tax rate that high.

17. ***e)*** Grew by 100 per cent. In 1980 federal tax revenues were $517 billion. By 1990, after two income-tax-rate reductions, federal revenues (in current dollars) had climbed to $1,031 billion.

18. ***d)*** The War on Poverty. In 1995 dollars, World War II cost $3.5 trillion; World War I cost $500 billion; and the Civil War cost about $100 billion. The War on Poverty has already cost well over $5 trillion in total benefits since 1965. The War on Poverty has been more expensive than all the military wars fought by the United States dating back to the Revolutionary War—combined.

19. ***c)*** 1789–1940. Adjusted for inflation, the Federal Government now spends more money in a month ($125 billion) than it did cumulatively in its first fifty years.

20. ***a)*** 1 per cent. In 1995 the estate and gift tax brought in $14.8 billion, or 1.25 per cent of the $1.4 trillion in federal revenues. Thanks to careful estate planning, most very wealthy families have paid virtually no inheritance tax on their family fortunes. A study by economist Richard Wagner of George Mason University finds that the Federal Government would collect more revenues if it abolished the Federal inheritance tax altogether. □

Scoring
15 or more correct: Capitalist tool
10 to 14 correct: Aspiring tool
5 to 9 correct: Journalist
Fewer than 5 correct: Dick Gephardt

Teddy Bears

The Russian people are in no mood for conflict, which ought to ease NATO expansion.

RICHARD ROSE

TO ANYONE who knows the past half-century of European history, the idea that Russia is a peace-loving nation is hardly plausible. The whole idea of NATO expansion assumes that Russia is a threat to the peace and security of Europe and the United States.

But Russia today is not the Soviet Union. The Red Army has ceased to exist, and the power of the new state to coerce Russians has gone. Russians now have substantial freedom to ignore what their governors command, especially when it means risking their lives for an aggressive action abroad. The Afghan War was deeply unpopular in the Soviet Union, but the information blackout and suppression of opposition enabled the Soviet state to continue it for years.

Chechnya has been doubly sobering. For the first time, television has brought into Russian homes visible evidence of what happens when the Russian military machine starts to roll. Furthermore, Chechnya is a civil war fought within the boundaries of the Russian Federation. To ordinary Russians, avoiding civil war is far more important than maintaining the country as an international power.

Mr. Rose is professor of public policy at the University of Strathclyde, Glasgow. His latest book is How Russia Votes, *co-authored with Stephen White and Ian McAllister.*

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You can't fight a war if the population is demoralized, for unhappy conscripts will run away rather than dutifully march toward gunfire. Yet demoralization may also encourage an irrational yearning to recapture great-power status. Vladimir Zhirinovsky has voiced conspiracy theories about the threat of the West to Russia's security, and Solzhenitsyn has warned of the West's threat to the Russian soul. Potentially, such rhetoric is a call to arms for the Third Rome to defend itself against Western barbarians.

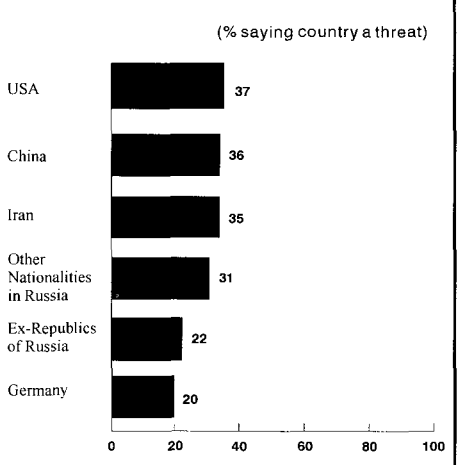
But do Russians want to fight? Today, there is no need to rely on what Russian leaders say; Russians can be asked what they think directly. Since January 1992, the *New Russia Barometer* (NRB) has annually interviewed a representative nationwide sample to find out what Russians outside the *Koltsevaya Doroga*—the Moscow Beltway—think about the issues that elite politicians deal with inside the Beltway. The numbers reported here are principally from the sixth *NRB* survey, conducted immediately after the second round of the 1996 presidential election. (For details, see http://www.strath.ac.uk/departments/cspp/.)

Russians have gone cold on the Cold War. Mutual deterrence rests on fear of an enemy. Consistently, the *New Russia Barometer* finds that a big majority of Russians do not see other great powers as a threat to their country. Nor are they worried about threats from other republics of the former Soviet Union or from ethnic conflict arising within Russia (Figure 1). Given that Russia has been invaded twice by Germany in this century, it is particularly striking that four-fifths of Russians do not see Germany as a threat to their security today. Equally noteworthy, more than three-quarters do not see ex-Soviet republics as threatening their security, and two-thirds see no threat from other nationalities in Russia.

The minority of Russians who are concerned about their security are as likely to see a threat coming from Iran or China than from across the Atlantic. Both countries are as close to Russia as Central America is to the United States—and potentially much more dangerous. While more than a third of Russians see the United States as posing some or a big threat, this minority has not increased as a result of preparations for NATO's expansion. Instead of marching in uniform behind a red banner, young Russians would rather window-shop, looking forward to the day when they can promenade around in Guess jeans with Gucci accessories.

The real threats to the security of Russians are at home. Crime on the street and the wholesale embezzlement of assets by high-ranking public officials and "biznessmen" have demoralized Russians. Knowledgeable Russians are also fearful of the nuclear threat from within—namely, another Chernobyl.

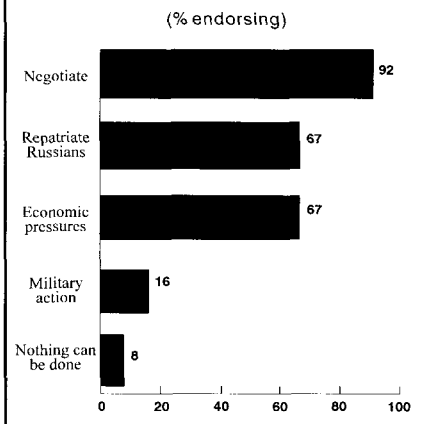
Figure 1. Where do Russians Perceive Threats?



Source: New Russia Barometer VI *survey (1996); 1599 respondents, nationwide sample*

The Army is not trusted. At its zenith, the Soviet Army was a threat to NATO countries and to the peoples of Central and Eastern Europe who had been "liberated" by Soviet troops. Yet it was also a threat to many Russian conscripts, for their welfare was often of no concern to officers. Given military conscription, Russians' views of their military are based not on CIA reports but on seeing it from the inside. The great majority of Russian families have one or more members who had experienced Soviet military discipline. They know from trusted sources the conditions that soldiers have faced in Soviet barracks.

Figure 2. What Should Government Do if Russians in the Near Abroad Are Threatened?



Source: New Russia Barometer VI *survey (1996); 1599 respondents, nationwide sample*

A majority are distrustful of all Russian institutions, whether state institutions such as the army, or those meant to represent the people, such as parties and trade unions. The Army is less distrusted than politicians or businessmen; the average Russian is skeptical rather than actively distrustful about soldiers.

Insofar as the Army is trusted, this appears to reflect a popular perception of the Army as a non-political institution beyond the machinations of Kremlin politicians. Any attempt to bring the Army into politics would reduce this asset. Likewise, any attempt by the military to take control of the government, as in some Latin American countries, would be widely resisted by Russians. Only 11 per cent would like the Army to rule, the same percentage as would like a return to the Tsar.

There is no strong demand to regain the "lost" republics of the Soviet Union. The break-up of the Soviet Union was a shock for tens of millions of Russians living outside the Russian Federation, and for tens of millions of Russians with relatives in other republics that they had felt as much a part of their country as Ohioans consider Texas or California part of the United States.

The countries in the so-called "near abroad," the Confederation of Independent States, differ in their importance to Russians. More than three-quarters want close ties with Belarus and Ukraine, and more than half want close ties with Moldova, Kazakhstan, Uzbekistan, Kyrgystan, Tajikistan, and Turkmenistan. But less than half see close ties with Armenia, Azerbaijan, or Georgia as especially desirable. It is significant that ordinary Russians are more concerned with ties with Black Sea republics or with the Soviet "Arizona" of Central Asia than with Estonia, Latvia, or Lithuania, which less than two-fifths think important.

While most Russians are concerned about Russians living in the CIS countries, they reject Zhirinovsky's militaristic bluster. Instead, they agree with Winston Churchill's dictum, "Jaw jaw is better than war war." If problems arise, nearly every Russian favors negotiations (Figure 2). If talk gets nowhere, three-fifths endorse a tough and tender strate-

(Continues on Page 56)

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THE VICE PRESIDENT
WASHINGTON

August 2, 1997

Dear Rusty,

Once again, bad news. No invitation to the Streisand wedding. Tipper is crushed.

"Tipper," I said, "we'll get our own celebrity friends. People like Richard Dreyfuss and . . ."

"And who?" she asked plaintively.

"And . . ." I was at somewhat of a loss. "Ed Begley, Jr.?" I asked. She sobbed harder.

Of course, I was secretly happy not to have to troop over to wherever. I need quiet time alone to really sink my teeth into this new budget, Rusty, if I'm to wow 'em in the presidential debates.

Problem is, the new budget is 12,987 pages long, not including the appendices, of which there are 17, each 2,300 pages. That's about 52,000 pages of printing (in the Federal Register font, too, which is teeny) that I have to master. I especially have to comb through something called "Basic Assumptions" (continuous growth; consistent government; no inflation) if I'm to be on my toes.

I had just turned to the section entitled "Ethanol: Our Persistent Friend" when the phone rang. The quality of the connection told me it was a cellular call.

"Mr. Vice President, it's Ted Kennedy."

"Hello, Ted," I said.

"I'm sorry, sir, this isn't Ted Kennedy. It's his secretary. Please hold for the senator."

After a moment, I heard that Boston brogue.

"Uh, hello, uh, Al. Sorry for the delay. I'm, uh, on, uh, vacation up here at the, uh, Cape, and I wanted to, uh, call to talk about the, uh, William Weld nomination to be, uh, ambassador to Mexico."

"What can I do for you, Ted?" I asked.

"Well, uh, you know, Joe is set on, uh, being governor of Mass, uh, Achusetts, and with Bill Weld out of the, uh, picture, he has a fighting chance."

"We're trying, Ted. What more can we do?"

"Just a sec, Al. I'm in the car and I think I—"

I heard the squeal of tires, then the soft crunching sound of metal hitting metal.

"Ted?" I said, concerned. "Is everything okay?"

"Sure, sure. Just had a little, uh, just with the car and, uh, sun is so bright, uh, the glare . . ."

"Did you hit something, Ted? I heard a crash."

"No, uh, no," he said. I was still unconvinced.

"Are you sure, Ted? 'Cause I heard metal hitting metal, I'm sure of it."

"Uh," came the reply, "I think it was a shopping cart. I'm in the parking lot of the Hyannis A&P."

"Oh," I said. "A shopping cart." I chuckled.

"Or a, uh, wheelchair. Hard to, uh, say for . . ."

The line went silent for a moment.

"Ted?" I called into the receiver. "Ted?"

In a second came a crisp answer. "Hello, Mr. Vice President, this is Senator Kennedy's aide. He's been called away to an urgent meeting."

"He has?" I asked. "But I thought he was on the car phone in the parking lot of the Hyannis A&P."

"Lordy, no," was the reply. "He's home in bed."

"Or was he at an urgent meeting"? I was getting confused.

A long pause, then a crisp "Yes, of course."

"Well, which is it?" I asked, crossly.

"I agree completely, Mr. Vice President. Good day, sir."

"But—"

And the line went dead. I was troubled for a moment, but soon absorbed in "America's Elderly: Our Unrenewable National Resource."

The phone rang: "Mr Vice President, Bill Weld."

"Hello, Bill," I said. "What can I do for you?"

"I'll tell you what you can do, sir. You can fight for my nomination. You can stand up to the right-wing zealots that control the Republican Party."

"I thought that's what I've been doing," I said. "But if you don't mind, Bill, when you attack the Chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, you really diminish your chances. You know how prickly Jesse Helms is."

"He is that, isn't he?" Weld replied. "I mean, there's probably no way I'm going to get confirmed, is there?"

"Honestly," I said, "no."

"But you'll still fight the good fight, am I right?"

"Of course, Bill," I said. It was important to reassure him. What's the harm? The Republicans will just tear themselves apart, while we stand by and watch. "And, Bill," I added, "if it means anything, the press is firmly on your side."

"Believe me, I know," he said. "They like a maverick. The fiscally-conservative-socially-liberal thing really appeals to them."

"Hey," I said, "tell me about it. We ran a whole campaign on that theme."

"That's not news to me, Al. Not news at all."

We said our good-byes and I got back to "Appendix D: Our Fabulous Scenario." Poor Bill Weld. I like him a lot. Too bad he won't be going to Mexico. I wonder what he'll do?

Your pal, Al

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BOOKS, ARTS & MANNERS

Not Wasted Time

DIGBY ANDERSON

MALCOLM Muggeridge was, at various times, a hard-line socialist, a selfish adulterer, a courageous denouncer of the Soviet Union, an author of "flawed" plays and novels, a vegetarian, a convert to Roman Catholicism, and a Christian apologist. He was, for more or less all his adult life, a journalist and a man obsessed with himself. The journalism was originally writing, which he did very well, and later broadcasting, which he did in a supercilious and affected voice and very successfully. Gregory Wolfe has written a very good biography indeed. The question is whether Malcolm Muggeridge deserves it. I do not mean whether he deserves a good biography. I mean whether he deserves a biography at all. And if he does, in which of the above capacities is it merited?

Malcolm Muggeridge: A Biography, by Gregory Wolfe (Eerdmans, 462 pp., $35)

There are those who think that whether or not someone's biography should be written is not a matter of merit. But a moment's reflection shows that to be nonsense. We really can't permit everybody and anybody having his life written up. Even now when, I don't know, maybe one in a few hundred thousand chaps gets a biography, there are quite clearly too many biographies. Biography is becoming a producer-driven industry. A society that has lost the tacit discrimination needed to decide who should and who shouldn't get a biography is in deep trouble. Muggeridge thought modern society had lost its values—that is, its priorities, its ability to discriminate between the great and the trivial. How ironic if his biography should be a witness to that loss.

For at first sight, Mr. Muggeridge—or "Malcolm," as Mr. Wolfe revealingly and irritatingly refers to him—does not deserve a biography. Much of this book, like other writing about Muggeridge, is taken up with discussing who he really was or in which of the different above capacities he displayed the real Muggeridge. But there can be no denying that if he was anything he was a journalist. In the end he was not a novelist, and it was journalism he did best.

Roman Genn

It has been argued that journalism is the novel of today. Or rather that men who would have been novelists in the past now are journalists. I think that is true. In making that decision, they receive certain rewards and punishments. Journalists, at least the sort Muggeridge was, can make a lot of money and have a lot of influence. But their medium is an ephemeral one. That is the case even if the thoughts they express in it are not ephemeral. Are we really to allow journalists, even excellent ones, to have biographies? *Qua* journalists, that is? Do Mr. O'Sullivan and Mr. Buckley deserve biographies as columnists and editors?

They might, however, merit biographies on other grounds. They might have had interesting lives, have been "great" men, or even just presented the biographer with an excuse for interesting speculations and discussions.

Wolfe clearly believes Muggeridge to have been a great man. He thinks his *Chronicles of Wasted Time* a "literary masterpiece," his prose style "among the finest of his generation." He puts him as a writer and "wit" alongside Samuel Johnson, G. K. Chesterton, and Evelyn Waugh. He thinks him second only to C. S. Lewis as a Christian apologist among modern writers. This is simply exaggeration. If Muggeridge is to be elevated to the ranks of the best, then so must another hundred of anyone's preferred writers, wits, and apologists. It then ceases to be a class of the best. After grade inflation, we have biography inflation.

No, the ground on which this biography is justified is that Muggeridge had an interesting life. It was interesting not in that the events were especially interesting but in that he faced in a heightened way several of the dilemmas that many people of his time faced, and those dilemmas are a useful occasion for fascinating speculations. The two main ones are about the nature of socialism and the source of values in modern society. The story that occasions the first is Muggeridge's encounter with socialism through his father's Fabianism, his own harder quasi-Marxism, his visit to the Soviet Union in 1932–33, and his disillusionment.

The second starts with his adolescent secret Bible reading, his conversion as an undergraduate to Christianity and his

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contemplation of a vocation, his encounter with India after university, his renewed support for Christianity as a world view after the Soviet episode, and his eventual acceptance of institutional Christianity in his Roman submission in 1982. There is no doubt that his stance against the Soviet Union after—indeed, during—his visit was courageous and cost him dearly among the many fellow-traveling literati. In his stance against contraception he was also courageous. And his final acceptance of divine authority as the only defense against relativistic modernity was ahead of its time.

It is not so much that relativism is wrong as that it is corrosive of belief and even more so of peace and security.

Wolfe sees all this as a part of a whole Muggeridge. Muggeridge the performer, the rent-a-quote debunker, the supercilious "wit," is really showing a form of disgust with the world that eventually makes sense in relation to the convert to "the two cities" of Augustinian Catholicism. That's fair enough, to an extent. And to an extent, I suppose that could count for the adultery too. Mr. Wolfe is right to rebuke those who see Muggeridge's conversion to Rome as isolated from his early and middle life. But he goes too far the other way. There *was* another Muggeridge, selfish, dirty, self-obsessed, and trivial. This self too was real. I can remember just how upset many middle-class English provincial people were when that "awful" "artificial" man came on their television screens. And the deeply unpleasant Muggeridge cannot be neatly reconciled with "St. Mugg." Why should it be? Can everything be in any of us?

In another way, Wolfe's account is too neat, too comfortable. He may not have intended it, but the effect of his account is to present a story that ends well. "Malcolm" comes home, to the Church, to the place that has always awaited him and to peace. Wolfe admits a few ripples, to his credit. Muggeridge was not an orthodox Catholic in belief or practice. More seriously, he was worried about modern developments in the Church itself. Wolfe does not pursue this. He should have.

For the Church into which Newman, Manning, Knox, and Waugh were received was not the Church Muggeridge entered. Essentially, to Catholics, it was and is the same, in that it is the truth. But the Church is large. And what Waugh spotted—as revealed by his correspondence with Cardinal Heenan—and what Muggeridge noted is that a change has taken place. Muggeridge saw the Church as the only and last bastion against relativistic modernity. What happens when relativistic modernity shows itself inside the Church, inside the only and last bastion? For there is no doubt that the argument of cultural relativity is now abroad in the Church. It is resisted by a brave and ailing Pontiff and an astute Cardinal Ratzinger. But it is abroad. That does not make for peace and restfulness, or even a feeling of a secure home. Some say it was ever thus. Heresy was always in the Church. But the heresy of relativism is something new, as Muggeridge spotted. It is not so much that it is wrong as that it is corrosive of all belief and even more of peace and security.

Muggeridge's life was more of a mess than Wolfe will allow. And our world, including the Christian Church, is in more of a mess than he suggests. But Muggeridge's life was worth a biography after all. And this is a well-researched and well-written one, a fascinating read; just too tidy and not nearly dark enough. Things one could never have accused "Malcolm" of. □

New World Disorder

JEFFREY GEDMIN

THE end of the Cold War unleashed a series of debates among policy-makers and foreign-policy experts over emerging international trends and correct American responses. Francis Fukuyama proclaimed the End of History, arguing that liberal democracy's victory was a final triumph over the ideologies that had cursed the planet for the past couple of centuries. Henry Kissinger has insisted that the post–Cold War world is reverting to a multipolar condition; that geopolitics will continue to define the international system. While Edward Luttwak has made the case for geo-economics as the defining theme of the new world order, Samuel Huntington contends that deep cultural divides, "a clash of civilizations" among Muslim, Confucian, Hindu, and Western societies, is destined to define the foreseeable future.

Promised Land, Crusader State: The American Encounter with the World since 1776, by Walter A. McDougall (Houghton Mifflin, 304 pp., $25)

Walter McDougall is less concerned about the nature of new threats and challenges. Rather, in his new book, McDougall seeks to clarify the debate over how the United States should adjust, whatever the future might bring. What principles ought to shape American foreign policy? A Pulitzer Prize–winning author, historian, and professor of international relations at the University of Pennsylvania, McDougall contends that Americans have rich traditions to guide them. As editor of the foreign-affairs quarterly *Orbis*, he has tired of "sterile" debates and "the flip way pundits and politicians [toss] around terms like 'isolationism' and 'Wilsonianism.'" He replies here with an engaging account of "eight discreet traditions" that have shaped America's way of facing the world.

The first four traditions—liberty at home (exceptionalism), unilateralism, the American System (Monroe Doctrine), and expansionism (Manifest Destiny)—make up the "Old Testament" of this history. In place between 1776 and 1898, these traditions, McDougall writes, were "designed by the founding fathers to deny the outside world the chance to shape America's future." Early on, he tips his hand as to which principles he believes ought to guide our foreign policy.

McDougall wants to explode myths. He begins with George Washington's

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Farewell Address, in which the first President cautioned against foreign entanglements. Washington's warning was, according to McDougall, the start of America's venerable tradition of unilateralism—a tradition, he tells us, that is often mischaracterized as isolationist. For McDougall, "isolationism" is the "dirty word that interventionists, especially since Pearl Harbor, hurl at anyone who questions their policies."

American exceptionalism was never about pursuing moral or otherwise idealistic foreign policies, McDougall argues. On the contrary, from Washington and Hamilton to Jefferson, Madison, and John Quincy Adams, America's early leaders understood it as the obligation to "defend the states from foreigners." Exceptionalism meant "Liberty at home, not crusades [abroad]."

There was "a logical progression," McDougall argues, from exceptionalism to expansionism. The progression was always defensive in character and had nothing to do with the impulse "to reform (or dominate) a wicked world." The Monroe Doctrine was meant neither to secure the independence of Latin America nor to provide a pretext for North American imperialism, he contends. Whether in countering attempts of the European powers to "come over to America" by way of countries to our South, or in "pre-empt[ing] European bids for influence over the vast unsettled lands that remained in North America [Manifest Destiny]," the chief objective of American foreign policy was to protect the promised land. As Secretary of State John Quincy Adams wrote in 1821: "America does not go abroad in search of monsters to destroy. She is the well-wisher to the freedom and independence of all. She is the champion only of her own."

Just as McDougall reveres the early traditions of American foreign policy, he laments the shifts that have taken place since the end of the nineteenth century. This "New Testament"—progressive imperialism, Wilsonianism, containment, and global meliorism—reflects, to a great extent, America's inability to reject the "do-gooder impulse." These modern traditions have focused on giving "America the chance to shape the outside world's future."

The terrible chain of events, when the U.S. went "off the rails, in terms of its honored traditions," began for McDougall in 1898 with America's war with Spain. "Imagine," he writes, "the American people and government allowed themselves to be swept by a hurricane of militant righteousness into a revolutionary foreign war, determined to slay a dragon and free a damsel in distress." It was the very temptation "Washington and Hamilton scorned, Jefferson and Madison felt but resisted, and John Quincy Adams damned with eloquence." Still worse, Wilsonianism, with its "vision of saving the world, lurked just around the corner."

Some foreign-policy crusades are worth pursuing—in the national interest.

McDougall approves of twentieth-century containment and admires its success—the defeat of Communism—even if "its implications were worrisome." But he regrets deeply all that was spawned by twentieth-century idealistic crusaders from Wilson to Lyndon Johnson, from Kennedy to Carter to Clinton (in Vietnam, for instance, "Kennedy's men were wedded," McDougall writes, "not to the tactics of Korean-style containment, but to those of global meliorism").

Where does this leave us? It is easy to sympathize with McDougall's contempt for the most foolish offspring of fuzzy-headed Wilsonianism and global meliorism. George Kennan, Hans Morgenthau, Henry Kissinger, and other realist critics have rightly admonished Wilsonians for their naïve belief in the efficacy of international institutions and law. Jimmy Carter duped himself into thinking that foreign policy was philanthropy, and "failed to advance U.S. strategic or meliorist interests." President Clinton's early efforts seemed to suggest that foreign policy would be conducted as "social work," as Michael Mandelbaum put it. McDougall agrees. So far, so good. McDougall despises the crude label of "isolationism" and makes a spirited case for a more nuanced approach to this strand of American foreign-policy thinking. "The pure isolationist is a mythical beast," he writes. Perhaps.

Yet while McDougall rejects the simple dichotomies of those who divide the world into "isolationist" and "interna-

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tionalist" camps, he fails to acknowledge that there may also exist degrees of activist foreign policy short of the soft-headed, *indiscriminate interventionism* that is so easy to caricature. What is more, the distinction between meddlesome crusades in "pursuit of abstractions such as liberty, democracy, and justice" and a foreign policy conducted in the service of "the national interest" is frequently not as clear cut as McDougall seems to suggest.

It is arguably easier, for instance, to grasp the folly of nation-building in Somalia than it is to dismiss the U.S. interest in Bosnia, on a continent where America has fought two hot wars and one cold war in this century, where the credibility of NATO and American leadership is at stake, and where the neglect of Bosnia's outgunned Muslims against Serb aggressors could adversely affect the U.S. relationship with the strategically important Islamic world.

It is easy to dismiss unrestrained, utopian notions about righting all the wrongs in a dangerous and complex world. It is another thing to suggest, as McDougall does, that values do not matter in American foreign policy. A majority of Americans disagree. Or that the values of foreign regimes have no bearing on their approach to dealings with the United States. While it may not constitute an immutable law of nature, there is validity to the generalization that democracies tend not to go to war with one another—a compelling reason why the superpower America has an interest in fostering the spread of democratic ideals. If pro-democracy forces eventually prevail in China, for instance, can there be any doubt that the United States will have less reason to worry about this rapidly growing power?

McDougall is no isolationist. He supports NATO and the U.S.–Japanese alliance as means to prevent new regional hegemonies that would threaten American interests. Yet his case for a minimalist, "realist" foreign policy—his argument that we must make our foreign policies "as lean and mean as they once were"—ultimately rings hollow. For what does recent history, handled in the skimpiest portion of his book, actually show?

One wishes that McDougall had discussed the 1991 Gulf War—an intervention wrapped tightly in a cloak of strategic and moral interests. His passing reference to President Bush's "talk of a new world order" and pursuit of a "containment strategy" is not entirely convincing. Conspicuously absent from McDougall's work is an analysis of Reagan's foreign policy (Reagan and "Reaganites" receive but five brief mentions in this book). McDougall admires the father of containment, George Kennan. Yet Kennan saw in Reagan's crusading foreign policy "the unfailing characteristics of a march toward war." Kennan was wrong.

In contributing to the demise of the Soviet Empire, Reagan pursued an activist foreign policy, where interest and ideals were inextricably linked. In fact, Reagan's Cold War success ought to suggest that the marrying of interests and clear moral purpose is not always as futile and destructive as McDougall would have us believe. Indeed, some crusades are worth pursuing—in the national interest. □

Hysteria, His and Hers

STEVE SAILER

SOMETIMES you get what you ask for. Back in 1985 Elaine Showalter, a Princeton English professor specializing in the social history of mental health, concluded her critique of the traditional psychotherapy profession by proclaiming: "The best hope for the future is the feminist therapy movement." By 1997, the mental-health industry has become thoroughly feminized, but Professor Showalter has had second thoughts: "The therapist's role is more and more to affirm, support, and endorse the patient's narrative, . . . and not to challenge the truth or historical reality of the patient's assertions." This credulous atmosphere, she believes, has helped unleash "hysterical epidemics," such as the disgraceful witchhunts for satanic cults running day-care centers. Mrs. Showalter cites five other "hysterical" outbreaks: the booms in recovered memory of incestuous abuse, multiple-personality disorders, alien abductions, Chronic Fatigue Syndrome, and Gulf War Syndrome. For an academic treatise with a first printing of only 7,500 copies, *Hystories* has already generated quite a backlash. In hounding the author, Chronic Fatigue sufferers have proved especially energetic.

Mrs. Showalter's strongest chapters are on epidemics like the satanic-abuse and alien-abduction scares, whose alleged causes are wholly imaginary; and on Gulf War Syndrome, whose primary cause is real but not specific to that conflict: "war makes people sick." While it may turn out that chemical weapons or sand fleas really did afflict some minority of the sufferers, on the whole GWS appears to be the latest version of what other eras labeled "shell shock," "battle fatigue," or "post-traumatic stress disorder." America must realize that one of the costs of going to war is later paying fully for treatment and disability leaves for a substantial number of psychologically injured soldiers, although treating mental traumas as honorable wounds will no doubt let some hypochondriacs and malingerers slip through.

Unfortunately, Miss Showalter's literary world view is too black-and-white for those epidemics where some but not all of the patients' stories are true, e.g., incestuous abuse. The acrimony of these debates stems in part from both sides' thinking about all patients as Platonic abstractions ("incest victims" *v.* "hysterics"). In reality, mental health is more like an unsettlingly random pachinko game. The classic case study of how psychological debates tend toward dogmatism has been running for a full century since Sigmund Freud analyzed 18 unhappy young women. After much bullying by Freud, they all produced stories of childhood sexual abuse. First announcing an epidemic of incest, Freud then publicly changed his mind and blamed all the women for repressing Oedipal fantasies. Millions of words have since been written about this controversy. Most feminists contend that all

Hystories: Hysterical Epidemics and Modern Culture, by Elaine Showalter (Columbia, 244 pp., $24.95)

Mr. Sailer (steveslr@aol.com) is a businessman and writer.

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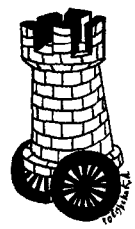
18 really were incest victims. In contrast, after a decade of listening to the nonsensical narratives that present-day therapists can elicit, Professor Showalter thinks Freud was right to recant.

Few, however, seem to have remarked how unlikely it is that any single diagnosis was right for all 18. In truth, some of the troubled women probably *were* child-abuse victims, while some others may have been repressing guilty fantasies. Probably a large proportion were suffering from other root problems that weren't understood back then, such as chemical imbalances in the brain that strike largely at random. Serotonin, for instance, acts rather like motor oil for your emotional engine, keeping your mental gears from grinding. It can run low—often, it appears, just from wear and tear. Since the cause of the emotional illnesses stemming from serotonin shortages is commonly not apparent, victims are susceptible to whatever tall tales (a/k/a hysterical epidemics) their therapists or the media happen to be spreading at the moment. Thankfully, we now have drugs like Prozac, and a new, more pragmatic school of psychiatrists who no longer set out on ideologically motivated searches for the root causes of your unhappiness, but instead concentrate on rebalancing your brain chemistry.

In hounding the author of Hystories, *Chronic Fatigue sufferers have proved especially energetic.*

A beneficial side effect of a more realistic conception of hysterical epidemics allows this useful concept to be profitably applied to other current brouhahas where facts and feelings get hopelessly entangled, e.g., date rape and sexual harassment.

This sensible but limited book illustrates the strengths and weaknesses of what has recently become a lonely rump of feminism: "equity" or "rationalist" feminism. Appalled by the flapdoodle peddled by most feminists today, Mrs. Showalter wearily protests, "Feminism has a strong Enlightenment, rationalist tradition of debate and skepticism, whose memory I attempt to recover and reassert." She bravely points out that the great majority of these epidemics' self-proclaimed victims are women, even the alien abductees. (Gulf War Syndrome, of course, is the exception, but the number of soldiers' wives who have also come down with GWS is striking.)



Unfortunately, rationalist feminism is itself founded on a death-defying leap of faith: the assumption that there are no biological bases for differences in behavior between the sexes. Thus, equity feminism was much to blame for the imprisoning of so many young women day-care workers on absurd charges of raping children and eating babies. If we know anything about sex abuse, we know it's a solitary male crime, not something women do, especially not in groups. But equity feminism has made such stereotypes unacceptable, so all those young women, whose only crime was that they loved little kids so much they'd work with them for $5 an hour, had to go to jail.

Further, rationalist feminism's fundamental dogma of sexual uniformity prevents Miss Showalter from grasping why feminist movements are so vulnerable to the irrationalism she despises. It's not because women aren't as smart as men. Although the sexes do differ on average in mathematical skills, women may well be superior in verbal logic. (Try eavesdropping on two teenage girls analyzing the endless possibilities of what some boy really meant when he said, "Maybe, like, I'll see you around sometime, you know?") So why, in practice, are the terms "feminist theory" and "scientific theory" mutually exclusive?

The particular form of rationality that originated in the Enlightenment requires more than just the ability to construct castles of logical conjecture in the air. Galileo wasn't any more ingenious at conceiving interlocking celestial spheres than his ancient rival Ptolemy. What distinguished Galileo, and the Enlightenment in general, was that masculine competitive delight in risking the destruction of your own hypotheses in order to smash the other guy's beautiful celestial spheres of theory. The Enlightenment turned reason into a contact sport. Feminist movements careen

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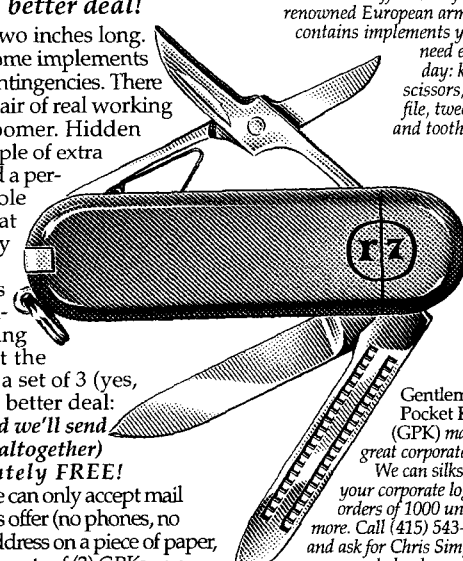

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into gullibility because women, especially when talking mostly to other women, find it more emotionally difficult than men to treat intellectual debate as a game. Women tend to take it much more personally, closing their minds to opponents and pulling their punches with friends. □

Nice Jewish Golem

JAMES GARDNER

ALTHOUGH multiculturalism is one of the buzzwords of the Nineties, Jewish writers were enjoying its benefits as long ago as the 1950s. For while novelists like Bellow, Malamud, and Roth sought to master the pure mechanics of fiction, it was their Jewishness that seemed so fresh to the postwar world, and it was this freshness, this ethnicity that once guaranteed them a wide audience. They were writing at a time when many Jewish immigrants still spoke in thick accents and strove, with poignant imperfection, to conform to the strange new culture that was struggling to assimilate them. It was the crisis of this collision that furnished the central theme for an entire generation of American Jewish writers.

The Puttermesser Papers, by Cynthia Ozick (Knopf, 236 pp., $23)

But by the Seventies that crisis had ceased to exist. Jews had been integrated so successfully that they were hardly to be distinguished from the rest of the population. And people were no longer as eager to listen to them, for the very legitimate reason that one had, by then, heard it all before. As a result, while Jews still often incorporate Jewishness into their fiction, the crisis of assimilation rarely today serves as a focus, as it continues to do in the literature of blacks, Asians, Hispanics, and homosexuals. Doubtless the public's diminished interest is the enviable fate that awaits these other minorities when their assimilation is complete.

In recent years, however, a curious thing has happened. Reacting against this hard-won assimilation, certain writers, and pre-eminently Cynthia Ozick, have succeeded to some degree in reinvigorating Jewish fiction. And they have accomplished this by returning to an older form of ethnicity, a spiritualized, metaphorical Jewishness that is less bound to a specific time or place.

Miss Ozick's treatment of Jewishness is central to her most recent publication, *The Puttermesser Papers*. Though advertised as a new novel, it is neither new nor a novel. Rather this appealing if uneven book is a collection of two stories and three novellas written and published over the past 15 years and assembled here for the first time. All five tales center on Ruth Puttermesser, beginning with her entry into middle age and ending with her death at the threshold of old age. Both Miss Ozick and her largely autobiographical protagonist are almost seventy years old, and so they come out of the same cultural context as Malamud and Bellow. But whereas those writers were formally modernists, telling stories and building characters in a fairly straightforward and earnest way, Miss Ozick is a postmodernist: she ironically merges past with present, here with everywhere. She reaches back to an earlier Jewishness than Bellow's or Malamud's, one that their generation had depreciated and repressed in the rush to assimilation. It is a Jewishness less ethnic than religious, and less orthodox than mystical. Miss Ozick is charmed by the obscure lore of the kabbalah; by tales of the rabbis of medieval Spain and of Renaissance Prague; by the magical powers locked inside the letters of the Hebrew alphabet.

Despite this postmodernism, Miss Ozick's latest book displays all three of the modalities available to the Jewish writer at the present time. The transition from modern to postmodern Jewishness is most evident in the transition from the first to the second tale. In the first, Ruth Puttermesser is an overworked and underpaid lawyer in the mayor's office in New York. She lives in Brooklyn, her mother has moved to Florida, and she has an Uncle Zindel who is forever dispensing worldly wisdom. In other words, she inhabits the terrain made familiar in the works of Bellow and Malamud. But in the second tale, "Puttermesser and Xanthippe," our protagonist brings into being a she-golem whose inert clay is conjured into life when four Hebrew letters, taken from the kabbalah, are placed on her forehead. This conjunction of the miraculous and the everyday, which causes this second chapter to seem so postmodern, recalls both the magic realism of South American writers and that deep vein of fable in Jewish tradition that stretches all the way from the Talmud to Franz Kafka and Bruno Shulz. Postmodernism is also strongly evident in the final tale, "Puttermesser in Paradise," which relates, in the manner of Borges and Calvino, the heavenly ascent of Ruth Puttermesser after she has been slain and violated by a burglar.

Cynthia Ozick charms us almost to the point of disarming criticism.

But then, in addition to these forms of Jewish fiction, the traditional and the postmodern, there is a third strain visible in the two remaining chapters, "Puttermesser Paired" and "Puttermesser and the Muscovite Cousin." In these, Jewishness is assumed, but it no longer bears directly on the action of the story. The themes have become the universal and eternal questions of love, exile, and loneliness. Here Miss Ozick is writing the literature of assimilation: it does not deny its Jewish identity, but it is not fixated on it either.

It is noteworthy that the writers dearest to Cynthia Ozick's heart, as revealed both in this book and in earlier essays, are those from whom she seems to have learned least: Henry James, Anthony Trollope, and George Eliot. In "Puttermesser Paired," the aging protagonist and her younger boyfriend, a painter whose stock in trade is imitations of the Old Masters, go almost to the length of parody in re-creating between themselves the relationship of George Eliot and her paramour, George Lewes. And yet, Miss Ozick's artistry begins precisely where the artistry of these older writ-

Mr. Gardner is NR*'s art critic.*

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ers leaves off: whereas they were emphatically realistic, she is energetically fabulistic. And while they strove for psychological precision, she is more interested in issues than in character development, and more at home with poetry than with realism. For this reason, Miss Ozick's characters are sometimes as listlessly formed as her as-yet-unenergized golem. The weakness is most grievous in the case of Ruth Puttermesser herself, who is condemned to play straight man—if the term will be allowed—to a whole cast of sometimes improbable zanies, ranging from a love-struck co-worker to a murderer in a ski mask, who only underscore her often priggish nondescriptness. The one character who truly comes to life is her cousin's daughter Lidia. Fresh out of the imploded Soviet Union, she tears through the well-meaning idealism of America and takes no hostages. "Gorbachev!" she exclaims at one point. "Everybody hate Gorbachev, only stupid peoples in America like Gorbachev!"

In the final chapter, "Puttermesser in Paradise," concerning the protagonist's ascent to Heaven, Miss Ozick manages to will herself at last into a state of poetry that sometimes eludes her in the earlier chapters: "Timeless Eden is as sweet as Puttermesser and a million million others before her have imagined. In Paradise all yearnings become fact. All desires come to pass: in every instance the fulfillment exceeds the dream." In this postmodern mingling of the realistic and the fabulous, Cynthia Ozick's latest book puts one in mind of some of Woody Allen's more recent films. Though both artists succeed only partially in achieving aesthetic aims which in themselves are often admirable, both nevertheless have created works whose magnanimity and poetic ambition manage, by pure persistence, to charm us to the point where criticism is almost, but not quite, disarmed. □

FILM

Flying High, and Higher

JOHN SIMON

WOLFGANG Petersen, best remembered for *Das Boot*, has come up with another thriller that takes place largely in an enclosed space. What he did with a submarine before, he does with an airplane now. Confinement is good for suspense: it concentrates the excitement in a claustrophobia-inducing situation, making it that much more explosive.

Air Force One begins with a Russo–American night raid on the Kazakhstan headquarters of General Radek, a renegade officer who wants to set himself up as an old-style dictator. (Radek being the standard Eastern European villain's name in Cold War movies, but never that of a Russian general, I felt forewarned about the screenplay.) The surprise attack is thrillingly staged and shot, especially because you don't quite know who is doing what to whom. This is followed by a victory banquet in Moscow, where the U.S. President, James Marshall, and the Russian President, Petrov, celebrate their capture of Radek, achieved, I must say, in a violent and bloody manner for which I know of no recent historical precedent.

Next, Marshall, his wife, and their 12-year-old daughter board Air Force One, the presidential plane, for Washington. Also on the plane are a half-dozen Russians led by Ivan Korshunov, ostensibly a team of cameramen (does one need six?) shooting a documentary about the trip. In fact, they are Radek henchmen who have shot the real cinematographers, and will take the President and his entourage as hostages to be swapped for Radek. It's a bit improbable that these men would not be recognized, particularly as Gary Oldman plays Korshunov, and anyone who has seen a recent Oldman movie must know he is up to no good.

With the help of a traitorous American security staffer, the Korshunov gang shoots its way into taking over the plane, except for President Marshall (Harrison Ford), who seems to have parachuted to safety in an "escape pod." This, however, is eventually discovered empty: Marshall is hiding on the plane, which he proposes to reconquer singlehanded.

Meanwhile in Washington, Vice President Kathryn Bennett (Glenn Close) has convened an emergency session of the Cabinet and the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and is conducting telephone negotiations with Korshunov. Some feeble humor is squeezed out of whether she or the Secretary of Defense should be in charge, an issue that an obscure expert on the Constitution has to resolve.

Mr. Simon is NR*'s film critic.*

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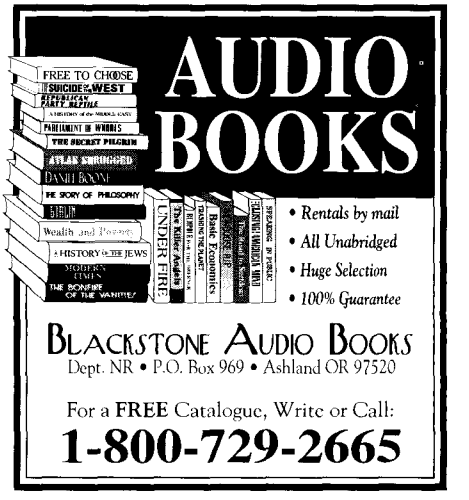

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Korshunov demands the release of Radek, and will shoot one of the numerous American hostages every half hour until his terms are met. As yet, no one knows Marshall is hiding on the plane.

Marshall's problem—aside from everything else—is that at the Moscow dinner he made a speech, backed by Petrov, about there being no negotiating with terrorists, and certainly no compromise. But what if the lives of his wife and daughter are at stake (not to mention his own, which a man of his caliber would readily sacrifice for his country's good)?

And what exactly is that caliber? Well, he was a war hero in the U.S. Air Force, is smart and canny as all getout, and, for a man of a certain age, is in tiptop physical condition. He is adept at machine-gunplay, fisticuffs, and stalking and evading the heavily armed terrorists; he even speaks enough Russian to pull a fast one. Perhaps he also knows how to run the country.

In *Das Boot*, suspense worked splendidly because the protagonist was a German submarine captain torpedoing our ships. He was the enemy, and we wanted him and his U-boat destroyed. But he was an honorable enemy and a decent chap, and the filmmaker, a fellow German, made him and his merry crew deeply sympathetic. We could neither predict the outcome nor, torn as we were, know whom to root for. That was involvement; that was suspense.

In *Air Force One*, however, we know that no U.S. President, especially if played by Harrison Ford, can come to serious harm. So the excitement must come from vicariously experiencing Marshall's adventures, his agony and ecstasy, and appropriating his nobility, perils, and ultimate triumph. That strikes me as a mug's game.

Ford is perfect. Handsome in a clean-cut but not especially movieish way, a just good enough actor to sustain protracted, desperate dauntlessness—nothing about him sets him much above our own presumed courage and capability. When he clandestinely, from the plane's hold, phones the White House, he momentarily cannot remember the number—that's how human he is!

As for Gary Oldman, he has become quiet, subtle evil incarnate, but always with at least one guaranteed enormous tantrum, perhaps stipulated by contract. Here he has a chance to be smooth, cocky, Russian-accented, and bestial, and enjoy a terrific blowup, as vicious as any actor could wish for. And then there is that tiny but vastly satisfied smirk with which he dispatches victims, for the like of which we may have to go back all the way to Jack Palance in *Shane*.

As Madam Vice President, Glenn Close treats us to her well-known craggy yet compassionate doughtiness, inspirational to behold. If only we could warm to that face which could easily double as a cookie cutter, and the smugness that, no matter what the Constitution may say about it, makes her the perfect choice to negotiate with Gary Oldman.

Contact is as close to dialectical metaphysics as Hollywood gets.

Andrew W. Marlowe's screenplay is mostly tight-lipped and action-packed, and Michael Ballhaus's high-flying cinematography never lets us down. It is particularly effective in the shots of American fighter planes dogging Air Force One, and eventually even getting into some highly unlikely aerial combat; it is also dazzling in the hallucinatory opening sequence of the night raid. Jerry Goldsmith's background score is practically unnoticeable, always a good thing in a score, especially if the music is Goldsmith's. Petersen's direction tries to keep hokum as unhokey as possible.

■ ***Contact*** is science fiction based on a novel by Carl Sagan, no less. It concerns Ellie Arroway, a short-wave ham from childhood, grown into a scientist obsessed with making radio contact with extraterrestrials. The scientific palaver sounds wonderfully abstruse to lay ears, and the rivalries among researchers, problems with funding, and frustrations from governmental interference are well conveyed, especially by Jodie Foster, who brings to Ellie the kind of zeal with which Torquemada burned heretics.

The movie affords her a spectacularly spotty romance with Matthew McConaughey, Hollywood's latest heartthrob, who plays Palmer Joss (some moniker!), a singularly precocious religious advisor to the President—Clinton, not Marshall. Clinton was sneakily morphed in by the director, Robert Zemeckis, in a way reminiscent of his *Forrest Gump*. Along with the sci-fi plot, we get something grander: a running debate between science and faith, as, among other things, Ellie refuses to subscribe to religion, thereby seemingly forfeiting her flight to Vega, where life has been discovered. It's all as close to dialectical metaphysics as Hollywood gets: just a bit less than the distance from Earth to Vega.

Contact's technology and space-tripping is awesomely designed and shot, but the screenplay by James V. Hart and Michael Goldenberg is somewhat plodding, perhaps to confirm the film's contention that human intelligence is less advanced than that of the Vegans. What happens in the latter parts of the movie requires that, in each viewer's bosom, faith win out, as, I'm happy to report, it does in the script. What remains unresolved is why one of Miss Foster's eyes is bloodshot throughout the final reels, but maybe traffic with Vegans does that to you. □

DELECTATIONS

Remembering Jimmy

TAKI THEODORACOPULOS

ONE of the greatest pleasures of my life has been my friendship with Sir James Goldsmith, who died last week. There was no sadness about Jimmy, even at the very end, when pancreatic cancer had spread. He refused painkillers and kept a clear head. The jokes never stopped, nor did the wide-ranging discussions, anecdotes and all, on everything from the history of the Zulus, to NATO expansion, to Louis XIV. Jimmy was an expert on history, philosophy, and politics—in the case of politics, adding practical experience to book-learning. The last British campaign was enlivened by the way his piercing blue eyes would twinkle and he

Mr. Theodoracopulos is the author of Nothing to Declare.

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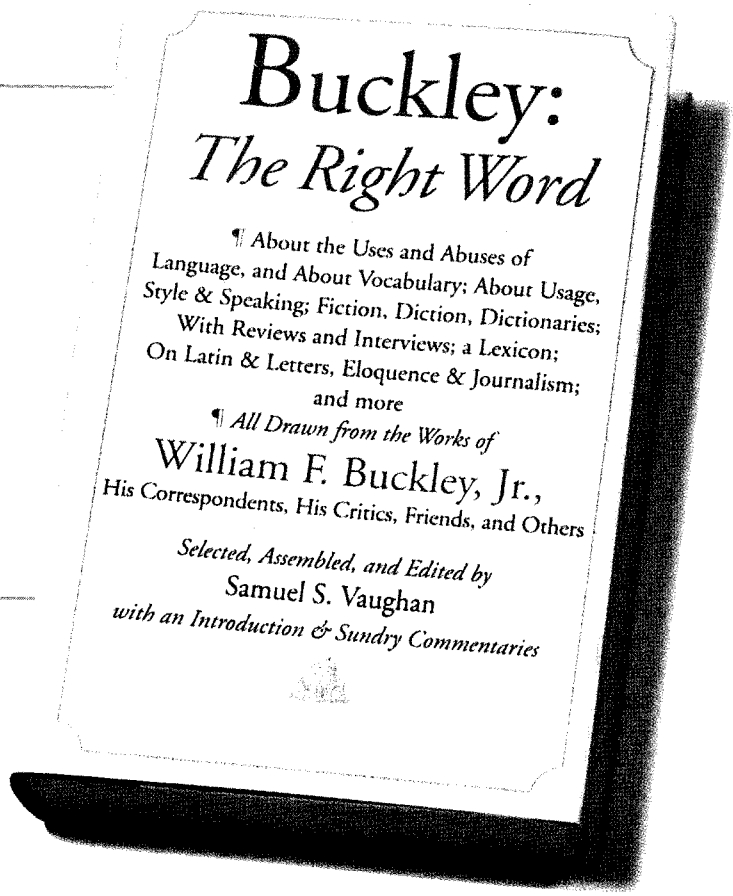
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would gurgle with delight whenever he wrong-footed an opponent.

He was only 64 when he died, but he had packed several lifetimes' worth of action into those years. His father was English, and his mother French, and he was brought up in both countries (as well as the United States, Canada, and the Bahamas). Although Jimmy's father, Major Frank Goldsmith, had been a Member of Parliament before the war and was a hero at Gallipoli, his family's German roots made him a political pariah in wartime Britain, and so he went to France to make his fortune as a manager of posh hotels. He succeeded, though not on anything like his son's eventual scale, and was able to send Jimmy to Eton. At 16, Jimmy ran away, declaring that he was too big to stay in school, and took up a life of gambling at Oxford. He joined the army at 18, in return for his father's paying his enormous gambling debts.

In 1954, Jimmy, at age 21, eloped to Scotland for a Gretna Green wedding with Isabella Patiño, her father, a Bolivian tin magnate, having tried to stop the marriage. This produced a famous repartee. Patiño: "Nothing personal in this, Monsieur Goldsmith, but in my family we do not marry Jews." Goldsmith: "True, Señor Patiño, but there have to be exceptions. You see, in my family, we do not usually marry Red Indians."

Isabella died giving birth, and Jimmy fought a winning battle against her family, who tried to take his baby daughter from him. He then plunged into business, starting with nothing. It took him approximately twenty years to become a multi-billionaire.

Jimmy was a dominating presence wherever he went. His method of hailing taxis was characteristic of him. He would stand in the middle of a crowded and rainy Soho street and shout: "Taxi! Big tips!"

Although he lost his hair when very young, he was extremely handsome, tall, slim, and very well groomed. Women adored him and he adored women. He married three times and had numerous mistresses. (Yet another Jimmyism: "When you marry your mistress you create a job vacancy.") He was loyal, in his own way, to all of them, and all of them were loyal to him. He had eight children by four different women, and never have I seen a more closely knit family.

But it was his genius for friendship that distinguished him the most. I have never known anyone who loved his friends more and was loved more by them in return. Even men who were bested by him at the gaming tables or on the fields of love would have died for him, and he for them.

I have never known anyone who loved his friends more and was loved more by them in return.

Jimmy was a brave gambler, even a reckless one, and mostly a winner. We used to stay up night after night in Aspinall's private gaming club, playing chemin-de-fer. The sums were enormous, the atmosphere electric. Jimmy was next to me one night when I drew an eight to the nine of the present King Fahd of Saudi Arabia, and he followed me into the bathroom where I went and threw up. "Don't worry, my dear fellow," Jimmy said. "You'll get it back." Then he returned to the gaming room and pulled what is known as a coup royal, passing his bank after six coups, bancoing it, and winning.

Jimmy was a political player in both Britain and France. For a number of years he acted behind the scenes in bankrolling various anti-Communist organizations, and in paying for the legal defense of journalists who told the truth about fellow-travelers.

In 1994 he entered politics in his own right, winning election to the European Parliament from a French right-wing party. He took it as his mission to expose the waste and bureaucratic tendencies of the European Union. As a polyglot European he was the arch Euroskeptic. He scorned the surrender of "sovereign power, which has passed to 17 unelected and unsackable commissioners, the greatest transfer of power in peacetime, and it took place under a system of organized secrecy."

When Jimmy entered British politics last year—creating, bankrolling, and leading the Referendum Party—he was a dying man. The grueling campaign undoubtedly shortened his life. Although undergoing chemotherapy, he traveled up and down the country with his usual unalloyed enthusiasm. On election day he received close to one million votes.

Even while riddled with cancer and in great pain he never once complained, and he died like a Caesar. He gathered his large family in his beautiful Château de Montjeu, in Burgundy, bade them farewell one by one, and flew off to his property in Spain, where he died later that same day, in the bed in which he was born. He had called me the day before to say good-bye. He sounded cheerful, although very weak. It was I who broke down. I shall miss him more than any other friend I ever had. As the ancient Greeks used to say, "Farewell, dear friend, and may the earth that covers you be soft." □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Chief Justice, by Ed Gray (Simon & Schuster, 603 pp., $30)

EARL Warren has found a biographer worthy of his intellect and temperament: in *Chief Justice*, Ed Gray has written a shallow book celebrating a shallow man. Gray records with little more analysis than a daily newspaper the deeds of a politician whose only principle was to increase the power of the offices he held. Just as Warren could not understand that the essence of law in a republic was to constrain its rulers, including the judges themselves, his biographer cannot understand that to assess what was at stake in the cases Warren decided one must actually refer to the text and history of the Constitution. Still, the book does provide some interesting new data on the extent of Warren's lust for power, including his scheming to be Eisenhower's successor at the time of the latter's heart attack. It also quotes excerpts from L. Brent Bozell's essays for NATIONAL REVIEW which show that this magazine was prescient in warning of the devastation wrought by the Chief Justice's substitution of pop sociology for legal principle. Even today the nation has not fully exorcised the spirit of legal lawlessness Warren unleashed.

—JOHN O. MCGINNIS

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ROSE

(Continued from page 41)

gy of applying economic pressures on poor neighbors who require passage across Russian soil to reach world markets, while also preparing to repatriate millions to the Russian Federation.

Russians draw the line when it comes to the use of force. Four-fifths do not want to take military action if Russians in the near abroad are threatened. A Russian threat to use military action to "protect" its nationals there would be doubly dangerous. It would threaten the security of Russians caught in the line of fire and threaten the credibility of the Russian government because of lack of support from ordinary Russians.

Russians in the near abroad often prefer life there. Just because Russians have always had a love of fairy tales, it does not mean that they believe the stories told them by politicians in Moscow. The great majority in the provinces do not believe that Moscow would deliver on its promises, and that makes it hard to collect taxes and makes local officials hesitate to transfer revenues collected to Moscow. Nor do Russians outside Russia believe their lives would be bettered by an expansive Russian state so long as Russia itself is still deteriorating.

Fear of genocidal enmity is the main reason that might induce Russian nationals in the CIS to demand help from Moscow. However, such fear does not exist. When political tensions between the constituent parts of the Soviet Union were at their height in 1991, the great majority of Russians outside Russia stayed in what they considered their homes. A survey at that time commissioned by the Committee on Migration of the Soviet Ministry of Labor found that a majority of Russians did not feel threatened by living as a minority in a multi-ethnic society.

The Baltic states of Estonia and Latvia are striking examples of the absence of political homesickness. Most Russians who moved there when it was part of the Soviet Union now find themselves foreigners, legal residents with the right to work and draw a pension but without the right to vote. When the *New Baltic Barometer*, a companion survey to the *New Russia Barometer*, asks Russians there how they compare conditions with life in Russia, more than half believe conditions for people like themselves are worse in Russia, and for an additional quarter Russia is so remote that they don't know what conditions there are like. When asked whether their Baltic home or Russia offers a better chance for a rising living standard, 68 per cent of Russians living in Estonia think it does, as against 12 per cent believing Russia offers equally good chances; and in Latvia 55 per cent think their Baltic home has more opportunities.

Russians and Baltic peoples differ to some extent in their political outlooks, for more than three-quarters of Estonians and Latvians see the Russian state as a threat, compared to a fifth of Russians living in those countries. But in all communities a majority believe that hardline Russian nationalists threatening the use of force are a threat to the peace and security of everyone in the Baltic states. Russians do not want to be "rescued" by hardliners, for they have seen on television how Russians are now living in Grozny.

You don't need to be the oracle of Delphi to predict that if Russia launched an aggressive war a once great military force would be destroyed. The Russian Army would implode through demoralization and desertion, and the nominal beneficiaries of the conflict would suffer too. Given the "softness" of Russian morale, NATO powers should not be intimidated by a putative Russian threat to invade lands hundreds and thousands of miles to the west. Nor need NATO powers fear Russian troops rolling to the "rescue" of outposts of Russians from Kaliningrad to the Trans Dniestr. And in the countries likely to be included in an expanded NATO, the immediate threat to peace is not a "sky high" missile war but the eruption of "little local difficulties" in the Balkans. □

CHEPESIUK

(Continued from page 28)

almost impossible to distinguish between the guerrilla as political revolutionary and the guerrilla as drug trafficker. "Often, the army will chase a regiment in some remote part of the country and stumble upon a cocaine laboratory," explained one Bogotá-based U.S. official. "What's the army suppose to do? Turn around and walk away?"

On June 15 the guerrillas strengthened their position in the drug trade when the Colombian version of the better-publicized Peruvian hostage melodrama ended. In return for the release of seventy soldiers the guerrillas had held since last August, the Colombian military surrendered to the rebel demands and retreated temporarily from a jungle region in the state of Caqueta. The area in question—about the size of Jamaica—is the principal area for growing coca, the raw material for cocaine. Reports indicate that since the army retreated, gasoline, petrochemicals, and other basic materials needed for the production of cocaine have flooded into the area.

According to the government's agreement with the guerrillas, the military's withdrawal from the area is temporary, but as Tokatlian explained, "The deal shows the power of the guerrillas and the weakness of the [Colombian] government. Right now, there are some very upset generals in Colombia." □

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TRANS-O-GRAM / Siegfried R. Reiner

1 S	■	2 B	3 J	4 C	5 P	6 I	7 N	8 W	■	9 J	■	10 F	11 M	■	12 B	13 Q	14 U	15 E	16 H
■	17 H	18 V	19 D	20 Y	21 U	22 F	23 E	24 L	25 M	26 J	27 G	28 R	■	29 S	30 A	31 P	32 B	33 Z	■
34 H	35 K	36 E	■	37 O	38 A	39 X	■	40 K	41 N	42 P	43 O	■	44 B	45 Z	■	46 K	47	48 Y	49 M
■	50 G	51 Q	■	52 Y	53 H	54 K	55 A	■	56 K	57	58 A	59 I	60 O	61 J	62 D	■	63 B	64 Z	■
65 E	66	67 Q	68 N	■	69 B	70 K	71 F	■	72 C	73 E	74 V	75 X	■	76 J	77 V	78 U	79 Y	80 C	81
82 Z	■	83 O	84 S	■	85 M	86 P	87 J	■	88 D	89 S	90 Y	■	91 N	92 J	■	93 O	94 T	95 J	96 V
97 P	98 D	■	99 X	100 Y	101 R	■	102 K	103 L	104 A	105 W	■	106 N	107 Y	108 P	■	109 I	■	110 Y	111 O
112 N	■	113 J	114 F	115 P	116 L	■	117 O	118 M	119 P	120	121 L	■	122 A	123 G	124 C	125 P	■	126 L	127 R
128 U	■	129 T	130 K	131 I	132 C	■	133 H	134 K	135 Z	136 A	■	137 J	138 N	■	139 T	140 O	141 E	■	142 P
143 T	144 C	145 G	■	146 D	147 I	■	148 Z	149 X	150 K	151 J	152 E	153 Y	154 M	■	■	■	■	■	■

DEFINITIONS

A. Forensic testing (2 words) — 55 104 30 122 38 58 136

B. Declare not guilty — 69 2 12 32 63 44

C. HMS *Beagle*'s best-known passenger — 132 144 124 72 80 4

D. Leaven — 98 62 88 19 146

E. Preclude the possibility of (2 words) — 23 141 65 152 73 36 15

F. Verdi heroine who was buried alive — 22 114 71 10

G. Lounge lizard's lighting — 145 27 123 50

H. Idol of NEA-types, curse of American education — 17 53 133 16 34

I. Musical genre fitted for La Scala — 147 59 6 131 109

J. He discovered Vineland (2 words) — 113 87 137 92 95 76 9 151 61 3 26

K. New World's first Christian convert — 56 35 150 54 46 134 70 102 130 40

L. Loathes, abominates — 103 126 24 116 121

M. Abounded — 85 118 49 11 25 154

N. Infraction — 91 106 138 68 112 7 41

O. Mastermind of Pearl Harbor attack — 37 83 43 111 117 60 93 140

P. Missing to the left or to the right — 31 115 5 97 86 42 142 119 108 125

Q. Astral apparition (abbrev.) — 13 67 51

R. Approving gesture — 127 101 28

S. Pace — 89 29 1 84

T. Byproduct of cheese-making — 94 129 143 139

U. Brain flash — 14 128 21 78

V. No, to Nietzsche — 96 77 18 74

W. Uphold — 81 57 8 105 47 66 120

X. Acclaimed African Anglican — 75 39 99 149

Y. Bury, crush — 107 48 90 52 100 20 153 79 110

Z. King of Pylos, sage of Trojan expedition — 64 82 148 33 45 135

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's Deluxe Unabridged Dictionary*, Second Edition.

Solution to last issue's Trans-O-Gram. WILLIAM PENN: *Reflections on Time*: "There is nothing of which we are so apt to be lavish as of time, and about which we ought to be more solicitous; since without it we can do nothing in this world. Time is what we want most, but what, alas! we use worst; and for which God will certainly most strictly reckon with us, when Time shall be no more."

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ON THE RIGHT / Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

GOP Turmoil

NEW YORK, JULY 22

The dust having settled on the implosion of the GOP, what are we to think? Here, surely, are the basic tent poles of thought:

1. During the summer and fall of the election year everybody remarked that the ammunition being fired at Newt Gingrich by the entire Democratic establishment was second in intensity only to the barrage against Dole; often, even more concentrated. This political maneuver was exactly that—a political maneuver. The technicians had resolved that Gingrich was a more vulnerable target. He was, to be sure, undeservedly linked with the idea that Medicare was wrong and should be either abolished or castrated. Worldly news readers have always known that it was not so, that the Gingrich proposal was simply to slow down by a percentage point or two the growth in Medicare expenses. It can't be doubted that this will at some time be necessary given that Medicare costs, if they were to rise at the same rate as during the preceding ten years, would after a while leave the government without funds to light the Statue of Liberty.

2. Republican candidates running in narrow races detected the damage done to the Speaker and, as noiselessly as possible, paid out their lines of attachment to him. There were two views of Gingrich by Republicans running for office in straitened circumstances. The first was: Watch out, this guy is damaged in the public mind, so stay away from him. The second was, Newt is an explosively talented political figure. He has learning, experience, and imagination. If we can get the voters to have a truly good look at him in action, then his influence will be positive. There were enough state and congressional candidates taking the first of these positions to weaken Gingrich when Congress reassembled.

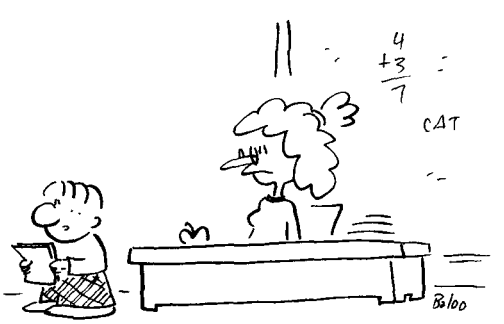
3. Gingrich himself does not defend the handling of the ethics charge against him. Everything about it was wrong: his initial defiance, the agonizing delays in reaching conclusions, the ambiguous receipt of the sentence handed down, and the subsequent questions about who should pay the bill. Those of us who think it was a bum rap can't avoid conceding that Gingrich's generalship of the problem was inept.

4. What resulted was a damaged Speaker. But unlike other Speakers, Gingrich has occupied a special position. It isn't only that he is in charge of administrative details in the House. He is also chief Indian in an ideological crusade. The re-election of Clinton in the context of an anti-Clinton national Democratic campaign pinioned the GOP in the ambiguity from which it now suffers. Gingrich was supposed to rally the troops, the troops are recalcitrant and distracted; and there is that little rustle of mutiny.

5. It is helpful at this juncture to reflect on the British model. When Mrs. Thatcher wrote her memoirs recounting the poignant last moments when she was bit by bit deserted by critical former stalwarts, she permits herself only glancingly to touch on the matter of personal loyalty. Politics in Great Britain is a much more professional business. When the leader is judged to be shopworn, or vulnerable, or whatever, the party looks elsewhere. Conservatives deposed Mrs. Thatcher. A generation earlier, Harold Macmillan. Eighteen years before that, the voters themselves deposed Winston Churchill.

The notion that American conservatives should disparage Bill Paxon and Dick Armey and Tom DeLay because they connived in or listened to the suggestion that Newt be replaced is street-dumb. All conservatives owe Gingrich a great debt for the rally of 1994. If as a result of Democratic bombardment and personal ineptitude he is no longer the best man to consummate his platform, then one lives with that decision, however grateful one remains to the deposed leader. The GOP needs to continue to ask the question the principals discussed at the legendary meeting last week, namely, Is this a good idea, given the role of the GOP in 1997?

Sure, some judgments of some of those present at that session might have been affected by personal ambition. But that factor should be discounted. No doubt Winston Churchill, when he challenged Neville Chamberlain, was in part moved by ambition. But that is the way the world works. Cincinnatus remains a legendary figure precisely because he gave up power after achieving it. His single goal was to repel the threats to his country. Cincinnatus was called up not once, but twice. So might it be with Gingrich. □



"No animals were killed during the making of this book report."

Woozy Protest Time

NEW YORK, JULY 25

The City of New York, population seven million, has a welfare population of one million, which is well over 10 per cent. If the figure were to apply nationally, thirty million Americans would be on welfare. Clearly it is desirable to reduce the number of welfare recipients. If that can't be accomplished, clearly it is desirable that as many welfare recipients as possible should contribute something to the city—whatever; help to clean the streets, to wash the dishes, to patrol the parks. The welfare bill of 1996 put a little muscle in the whole idea by insisting that those welfare recipients capable of working should be required to do so, in order to qualify for welfare benefits. They call it workfare. Responsibility to enact the new arrangements devolved upon the states, under the new law, inasmuch as the states are now enjoined to write legislation governing their own welfare practices.

What happened in New York City last week was that 68 churches, synagogues, and non-profit groups came together as a coalition demanding that New Yorkers cease to avail themselves of the services of workfare recipients. Involved in their specific petition wasn't one million New Yorkers, but 38,000, screened by Mayor Rudolph Giuliani's administration as manifestly qualified to do something while receiving welfare other than staying home and watching television. The protestors likened the workfare program to slavery. You will think this an exaggeration. But nothing about New York City is ever an exaggeration. The placards carried by the protestors had slogans such as, "Rudy We Will Not Be Your Slave Drivers." The Reverend Peter Laarman, pastor of the Judson Memorial Church in Greenwich Village, labeled workfare an "evil system." Rabbi Gary Bretton-Granatoor of the Stephen

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Wise Synagogue gave as the reasons for so designating it that workers were forced to do what they did without pay, that what they did drove down wages for other workers, that the new workers didn't have bargaining rights or adequate bathroom facilities, and that this made the whole thing akin to "enslavement."

Mayor Giuliani countered by saying that workfare had reduced welfare rolls by 285,000. The experience in New York is similar to that in other states, e.g., Oregon. It was anticipated there that tens of thousands of people moving from welfare to workfare would throw themselves on the railroad tracks of philanthropy, crowding the churches and civic buildings, begging for shelter. What happened is that half of the welfare recipients found work.

There is one aspect to the workfare phenomenon in New York City that needs noticing, however perfunctorily. It is that if a dozen people appear at a hospital prepared to wash the dishes or do the laundry, that means so much laundry and so many dishes don't require tending by the regular workforce. But any argument based on protecting existing labor from competitive availability has to be thought of in the larger context. If the 68 petitioners in New York wish at all costs to protect existing jobholders, then they would be much better off spending their time picketing Ellis Island, and enjoining Washington to clamp down on legal, as well as illegal, immigration. To tell an unemployed, healthy New Yorker that he/she must not work at that hospital lest the work done make redundant existing jobs is terribly messy economics, the equivalent of saying that to do nothing is economically healthier than to do something.

No, the primary motive of the 68 petitioners is to rail against New York's insistence that people who receive welfare go out and do something. If one million people in New York City are on welfare, then the money they are being paid is being produced by somebody else. Everybody in New York City (and everybody everywhere), contributes to the cost of welfare, through income taxes, primarily; but also through sales taxes. The sharp intuition of advocates of workfare, whose most conspicuous spokesman was Ronald Reagan thirty years ago, was that for the able-bodied to sit idle receiving welfare is spiritually demoralizing and economically larcenous. Mr. Giuliani stressed that many workfare practitioners can be expected to go on to regular jobs, and can profit from what they are now required to do. To learn to wash dishes isn't a victory over an arcane expertise. Anybody can do it, with minimal instruction. But to do it a few hours every day can awaken you from the kind of torpor that infects whole welfare populations. It is a means of probing a conscience sometimes inert; and a modest means of giving to the people of the City of New York a little token of gratitude. □

Bill and Jesse

NEW YORK, JULY 29

The mano a mano between Bill Weld and Jesse Helms is great sport because it is a blood feud. It is very hard to believe that Mr. Weld isn't fit to serve as ambassador to Mexico merely because he believes that marijuana for medical use is okay, or because he feels that clean needles are usefully distributed free to drug addicts. And it is very hard to believe that Sen. Helms links these positions on drugs with fitness to serve as ambassador to Mexico. So then what *can* we believe?

We can believe that Sen. Helms is taking advantage of his position to make a very broad declaration. To what effect? That he, Jesse, is not going to serve as a stepping stone in Bill Weld's upward path. It was Weld who saw Helms's opener and doubled the bet. Up until a week ago, Helms confined himself to criticism of Weld's drug policies. Weld raised the ante to an apocalyptic level when he said that he did not believe Helms's views on the role and future of the Republican Party were the right ones. What he said, pretty directly, was that he, Weld, was not a conservative Republican. Sen. Helms must have glowed with pleasure as he took off his tie, loosened his collar, and dug down to his deepest reserve of chips to heap them on the table, go for broke.

Now the ostensible rules and practices of the game are: 1) The President should have the right to pick his representatives to foreign countries. 2) The head of the Foreign Relations Committee has the right to schedule hearings on nominations. 3) The selection by a Democratic President of a Republican governor presumptively engages the affection of a Republican majority. And 4) everyone should be entitled to his day in court.

But in the current situation these considerations need to be refined.

Bill Weld is not a convincing champion of the presumption of innocence or of partisan loyalty. When he served as assistant attorney general for Ed Meese under President Reagan, he bolted, sniffing his disregard for the attorney general's ethical conduct. Ed Meese was cleared of all charges, but his public exoneration was made more difficult by the dramatic exercise of ethical scrupulosity by Mr. Weld. Mr. Helms would not, of course, point to the opportunistic disloyalty of Mr. Weld, but why shouldn't he bear it in mind? John Kennedy taught his generation, Don't get mad, get even.

And then Mr. Weld's identification as a potential leader of a party that has lost its head is not very successful theater. He gave the voters in Massachusetts everything except free abortions and still they rejected him in a conspicuous fight with an equivalently glamorous Democrat. As governor he swore to introduce economic husbandry to Massachusetts, but the state spends more now than it did before, an increase of double the inflation rate. Gov. Weld was fiercely in favor of restoring capital punishment, but backed off. He would never authorize a pay raise for legislators, but he did. There were 16 Republican state senators when he took office; there are 7 now. He was a militant for term limitation, until he faced the prospect of a third term.

The stakes are very high precisely because of Weld's self-designation as a visionary Republican maverick. There is here, as was the case when Nelson Rockefeller so designated himself in the Sixties, a challenge issued to Republican voters coast to coast. The Party is my type, says Weld, or Jesse's type—choose.

Well that is exactly what Jesse is prepared to do. Let there be a choice. Weld has with him the articulate apparatus of America. Helms has his dry solemnity and his power as chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee—a post to which, said candidate Weld when spooning with Massachusetts liberals during the campaign, he would not, if elected, vote to reappoint him. Jesse must have caught that, wouldn't you agree?

A former Speaker of the House divulged to this columnist that a campaign to override the decision of a committee chairman in such a matter as this requires very energetic generalship—by another senator. Who? Teddy? Is there a senator around who wants to spend the balance of the term suffering the slights of Jesse? Surely no Republican will step forward to lead the campaign, though several have urged hearings. It isn't—is it?—as if Weld's arrival in Mexico would mean the end of problems with immigration, drugs, trade balances, and illegal nannies.

It isn't the drug thing. If Weld is defeated, I'll suggest to President Clinton that he nominate me. My first language was Spanish. I attended the University of Mexico. And I served the CIA in Mexico. I believe we'd be better off legalizing drugs, but never mind; I warrant Jesse would hold a hearing and vote in favor. I'd meet the other requirements. Hasta la vista, compañeros. □

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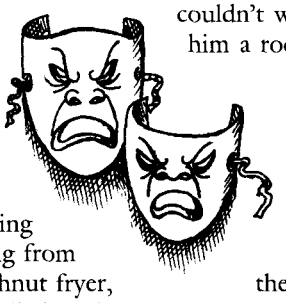
THE MISANTHROPE'S CORNER

FLORENCE KING

THIS seems to be the season for chipping away at the diminishing rock of my childhood. First Jimmy Stewart died, and then Woolworth's five-and-ten announced that it was going out of business.

To be honest, Stewart was the antithesis of my taste in men. The lovable boy-next-door type has always irritated me, and physically he turned me off because he was too tall and skinny. Solitary, poor, nasty, brutish, and five-foot-ten is more my style, but I liked Stewart anyway because he was *there*. Where childhood memories are concerned, thereness is what counts. I probably wouldn't shop at a Woolworth's today, but I want it to be there, and now it won't be, not ever again.



Woolworth's needed no Official Greeters. The moment you walked in you were enveloped in an overpowering aroma of hot sweetness issuing from the sugary batter in the doughnut fryer, the boiling caramel in the candied-apple machine, the flavored syrups that were drizzled over crushed ice to make snowballs, and the mountains of candy corn, butterfingers, and chunked-up chocolate in the cavernous food bins.

The sweet smell was a year-round fixture. In summer when the doors sat open, it wafted out to the street. In winter the hissing steam heat trapped it inside and mixed it with the cloying scents of the cosmetics counter, where they sold big blue bottles of Evening in Paris perfume, cans of dusting powder named Quelques Fleurs and Djer Kiss (which no one could pronounce), and tiny satin bags of gardenia sachet to scatter in bureau drawers—or, for serious wafters, to tuck into bras.

The hardwood floors were black with age and squeaked, just like the floors of our apartment. The store served our regular needs—a ten-cent envelope of phonograph needles, Granny's advanced knitting books with instructions to rival the quantum theory—as well as some highly irregular ones, e.g., the glittery earrings my father bought to decorate the head of the banjo he made, the oil my mother used to soften her baseball glove, and my penknife fixation.

It was at Woolworth's that I got my first pet: a miniature turtle that I persuaded Granny to buy me before we went to the movies. They put him in a white pasteboard carton, like Chinese take-out, and I named him Mergatroyd after a cartoon character.

During the movie I kept whispering "Hello, Mergatroyd" and sticking my finger in the box to pet him. I couldn't wait to get home and make him a rock garden, but Granny was absorbed in *Back Street*, which met her definition of a good movie ("She dies in the end"). At long last, when the movie ended and the lights came on, I opened the box to check on Mergatroyd, but he was as dead as Margaret Sullavan.

I burst into tears and ran up the aisle. "She's not old enough to understand about kept women," somebody whispered in disapproval, which made me cry harder. Granny offered to buy me another turtle but I wanted only Mergatroyd. Nor would I let her ask for a refund because that put him on a level with light bulbs or a can opener. I wanted to give him a funeral, so back we went to Woolworth's to buy a soap dish for a coffin and two tongue depressers to make a cross.

The orgasmic transports that today's retailers call a "shopping experience" swept through Woolworth's on December 8, 1941, when a man began smashing everything stamped "Made in Japan." No security guards converged on him and no one worried about lawsuits. As the crowd cheered, the manager winked and said, "I needed to get rid of this stuff today anyhow."

It would have been futile to expect my mother to stay out of the fray. Grabbing an illustrated teapot, she was about to sidearm it, shortstop-style, against the wall, but just then Granny showed up, waving a length of hat veiling she had been inspecting when she heard the ruckus.

"Oh, Louise! I turn my back for a minute and you act like whitetrash!"

"I'm going to break every piece of junk those sneaky grinning runts ever made!"

"Then go home and break your ashtrays where nobody can see you!"

She did—and bought new ones stamped "Made in U.S.A." from Woolworth's.

BESIDES the infinite variety of its stock, Woolworth's offered the masses an ongoing morality tale in Barbara Hutton, the Woolworth heiress who went through six husbands and $50 million. Her Babylonian highjinks were chronicled regularly in newsreels, and since the dimestore was a block from the movie theater, the audience usually was eating something from her redolent candy bins as we watched her exchange vows with yet another playboy.

"Money cwan't buy happineth," said Granny through her salt-water taffy.

"Oh, s—!" Mama snorted. "It can if you do it right. She should have been made to work in a Woolworth's for a few years, find out where her money comes from and learn the business from the ground up so she could run it herself. Then she wouldn't have time to get mixed up with all those lounge lizards." Leave it to Mama to define real feminism and responsible capitalism in one breath: an unassisted double play.

Such easy lessons are impossible in a non-Woolworth's economy; how can you have a Barbara Hutton if you have to do research in *Forbes* to find out who really owns a store? It also takes plutocrats of variegated swath to personify the titanic ruin that makes for a really effective I-told-you-so morality play. Bill Gates could become another Jack the Ripper but it's doubtful that anyone could think of anything memorable to say about it.

Today I shop from catalogues whenever possible to avoid characterless suburban malls. "I found a million-dollar baby in FootLocker" lacks something. "Diamond bracelets Wal-Mart's doesn't sell" scans, but despite their eternally falling prices Wal-Mart's comes up short in that raffish gypsy-pushcart atmosphere I loved. □

Miss King is the author of The Florence King Reader *and other books.*

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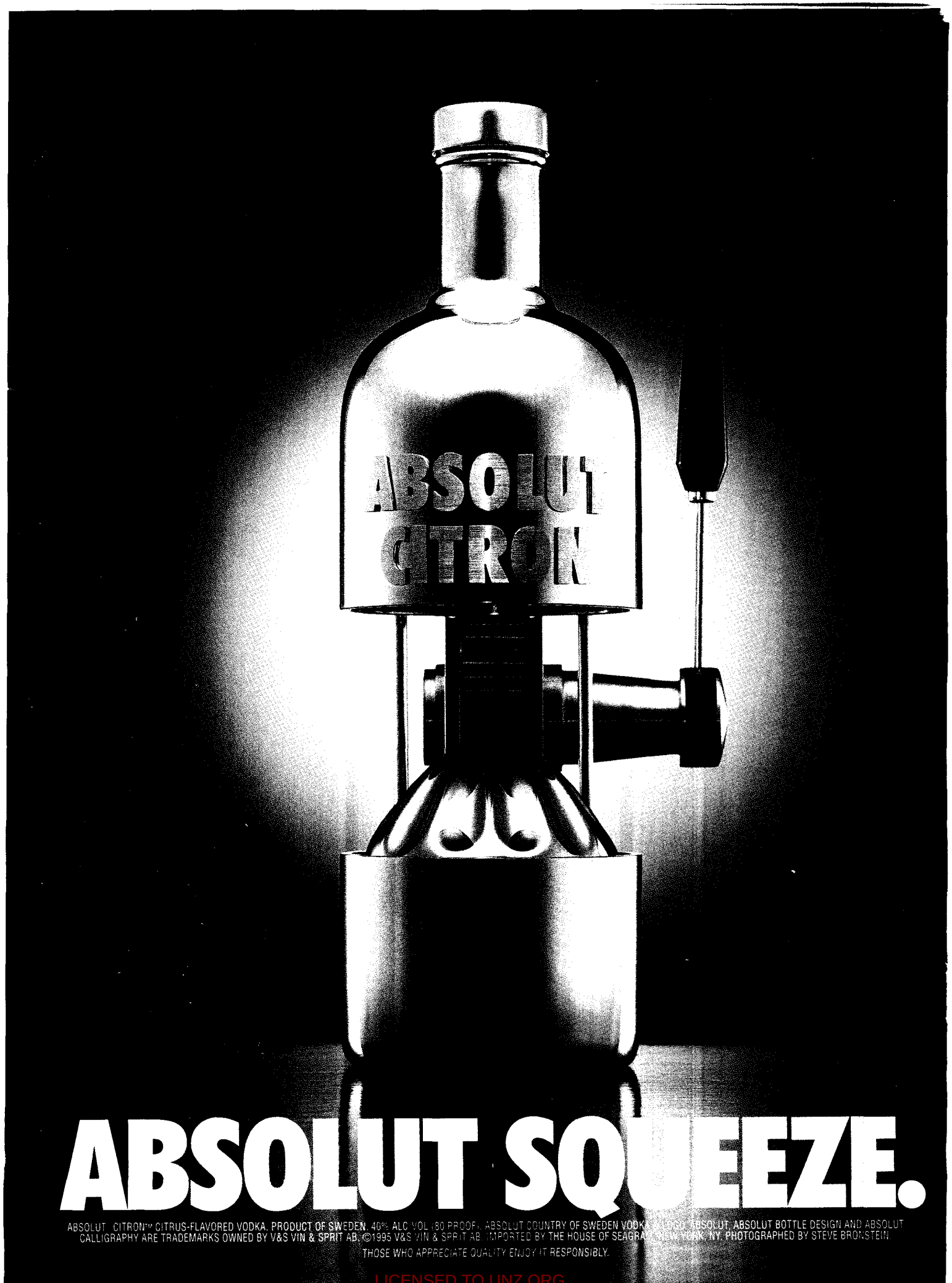

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